





Gift of Doreen Canaday Spitzer '36, daughter of
Marion Coffin Canaday '06



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Taylor - Chapel on 3d floor



Dennis



Merison



?



Dalton



Radnor

Freshman Year



Pembroke arch



Taylor, from Denbigh



view of
Denbigh

Penn East

Taylor



Penn West



Class Officers

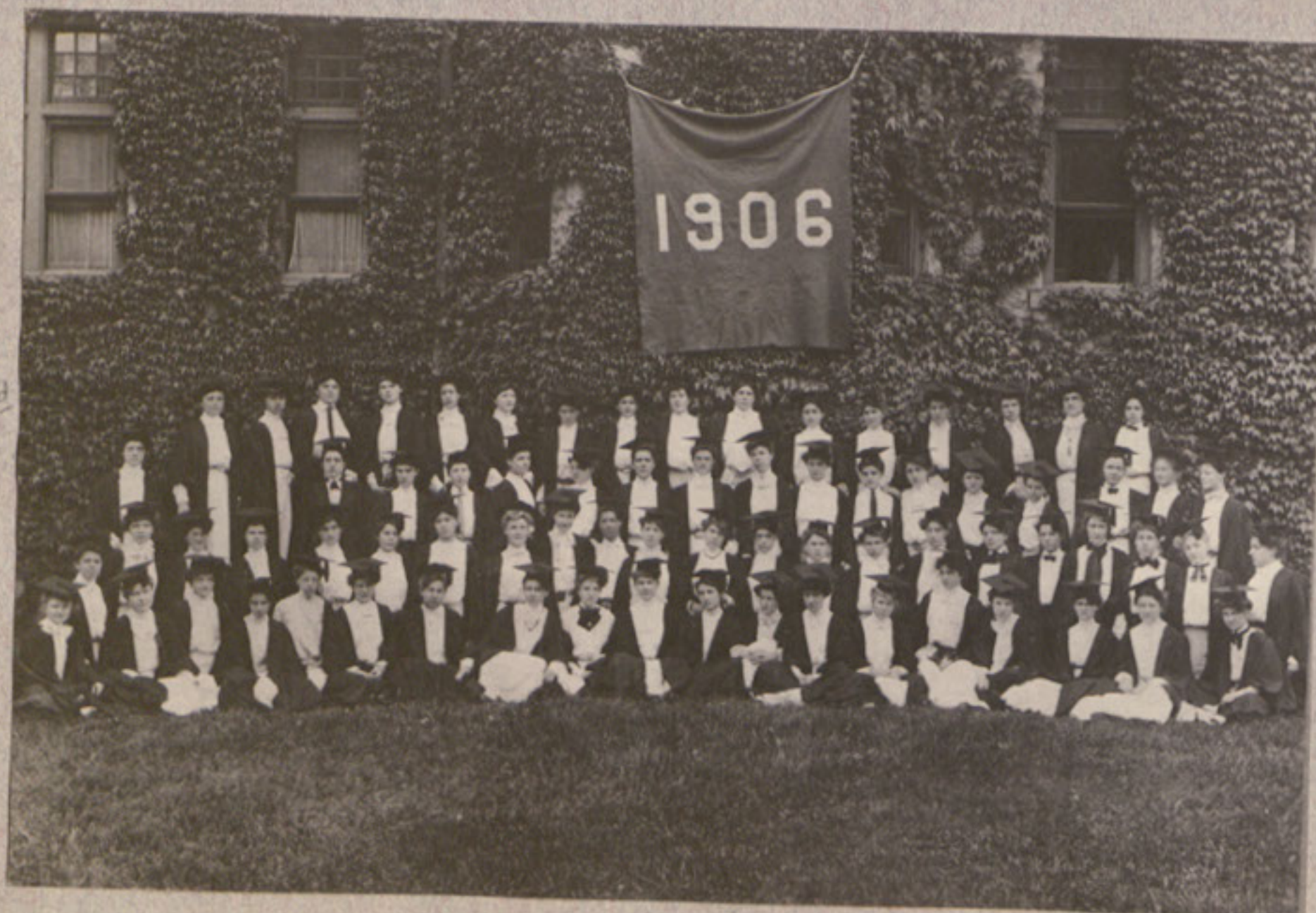
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Deanery?

The First Class Meeting



ANYONE who has had the experience of wandering through dark unfamiliar places in a dream where the paths seemed to lead everywhere at once, and the ground slipped away from the feet, can imagine what 1906's first class meeting was like. Some one had conceived the brilliant plan of holding a mock meeting on the campus the night before the real one to deceive wary Sophomores lying in wait. The night was dark, the campus muddy and slippery, and numerous traps awaited heedless ones in the shape of the much detested ditches yawning in every direction.

Little groups of excited Freshmen collected here and there, doing they knew not what. Now and then some one would tear along in the darkness calling, "The Meeting's on the Athletic Field, come on"; and the crowd would tumble along after her, only to find excited individuals flying everywhere, with apparently no real purpose. Excitement increased as the time went on. Sophomores in disguise joined the mob and urged on the wild goose chase. Somebody in the crowd proposed Miss Goodrich as the secretary pro tem, and this election, like several others, was made by one small collection of people with the result that the Freshmen found themselves with three or four secretaries, all belonging to the Class of 1905.

Loud were the hoots and sneers of the bogus Freshmen, but 1906, supreme in true Freshman conceit, could not see that the joke was on them, "since they hadn't intended a real election anyway."

Early the next morning, in the cheerless drizzle of a fall day, 1906, sleepy, tired and cold, collected in a small room in Radnor for the real election, swarms of Sophomores besieged the corridor, and thumped loudly on the doors, but thanks to protection from the Juniors, and great vigilance on our part, Miss Townsend was finally nominated, and successfully elected.

KATHARINE L. McCAULEY.



The Warden's Corner

Heart-to-Heart Talks with Girls

When I hear your merry, impatient voices begging to be next for an interview I cannot help feeling that you do take an interest in your warden and advisor. I hope she may be able to help you all with little hints out of her own college experience in the good old days.

You ask, one and all, for my advice on that subject so engrossing to the feminine heart—clothes. By all means, dear girls, get a Peter Thompson as soon as you come to college, they are so becoming to every figure. And really you know, to be quite *chic* and up-to-date you must adopt the pretty style of wide ribbon belts, very loose, fastened in front with a large silver buckle, allowing some twelve or fifteen inches of one end to droop gracefully down. Two bows should be worn on the hair, but these should never exceed fourteen inches in length. Many of you, I notice, have already adopted the slipper or light pump for wear during morning lectures. The advantage of this is, as Jessie T. so ably demonstrates, that a slipper is easily kicked off and never fails to create a pleasant little diversion in the class-room, which the professor is sure to enjoy.

I am delighted with the little confidences of my girls. Edith tells me all about mother and father, little sister and the aunts and uncles who are not one whit more interested in this dear girl than am I whose privilege it is to advise her during her first year in college away from her friends' loving care. Ruth McN., whose fun-loving disposition keeps her up almost too late at night, I am sometimes afraid, asks for a cure for sleepwalking. Space is so limited I shall ask Ruth to consult the reply in one of these numbers to Flora G., who was troubled with a similar problem, dear girl,—but, I feel sure, got bravely over it. But do you think, my dear, that 2 P. M. is the time for practical jokes?

Nan asks me about advanced standing. Don't you think, ambitious girl, you would do better to spend the time in the Gym where they teach really very *advanced standing*? I know you love the parallel bars and you have confided to me how you (*once*) vaulted the horse!

Why devoted enthusiastic little girl, you may indeed write an "Ode to Constance," but you must not expect her to appreciate its classic references if you leave it on the soap box on her wash-stand when she is out!

Marion consults me about the best method of boiling eggs in the tea-kettle. She assures me that she does not cook at home, so I suppose these little culinary ways originated in a Pembroke pantry. But Marion always had a cool an' airy way.

You complain, Helen, that I sent away the maid on your corridor in Merion who was so nice and obliging as to keep all your dishes washed. Indeed, I am very much afraid that nice maid was washing your dishes when she should have been doing something more important. Your little rhyming attempt was pretty and girlish, but your phrase "alabaster brow" does not seem quite new, does it?

Save up all your tangles, dear girls, for me to straighten out in the next number, and remember your advisor is always ready to help you in every problem of Freshman life.

MARIAM COFFIN.

Rush Night

"Ditches, you darned old ditches,"—perhaps the burden of that song (later to be sung with so much feeling) evolved itself in the author's brain on rush night—why not?—when the entire class fell at least five times into those slippery, muddy, rainy, old ditches. The wonder of it is that we ever crawled out again in sufficient numbers to sing "you darned" in the hereafter. We were mad, so we rushed well, once, shivering in the rain as we waited on those athletic steps, we were nearly reduced to tears by Catharine's saying plaintively, "O Sue, if Miss Spence could only see us now!"—but then we got mad again and our spirit returned. So, when the command came (from our bedraggled Juniors) to march, we were off through the rain and the blackness, safely and surely crossing a perilous bridge, and bursting into the glare and light of Radnor with its mob of jeering girls. What a noise we made! and what a racket they made! and the greater grew the excitement, the harder we gripped each other, and yelled into the faces of our betters, "But 1906 is the best by far."

Radnor, Merion, Denbigh, Pembroke—how did we ever get through them—our course was the course of a comet, we thought (and said so later). All the slurs cast in our direction by the eager Sophs, all the songs flung at us, all the too warm or too cool receptions were as nothing to us. When lights were turned out and spooks and ghosts blocked the way, we bolted undaunted through their midst; when innumerable "temporary chairmen" were found seated in our path, we ignored them and strode on, failing to see that the joke was on us; when, finally, maidens stood on either side with their hair down in front and false faces on their backs, we simply forgot to look at them, we were absorbed in ourselves. We were just one long segmented snaky embodiment of a song, we lived but to scream and ever scream, "There's nineteen five and three and four"—

ETHEL STRATTON BULLOCK.

The Senior Reception

What one of us will ever forget the sensations she felt at our first introduction into college society—the reception given to us by 1903? The very idea of being the guests of honor at a formal reception thrilled us, and the "stunts" given for our benefit aroused our wildest enthusiasm, that is, as wild as we dared make it, for we felt our responsibility to the class so very deeply that now, almost before we had a reputation, we were exceedingly fearful of destroying it.

When I think of that momentous night I call up a series of vivid pictures—May Montagu and Helen Raymond dancing in the doorway of the Pembroke East sitting room; Eunice Fowlansbee reciting in delightful French "Monsieur Adam;" or a group of Seniors singing with great spirit their genial song "Um-Ha-Ha."

We loved it all, but yet our enjoyment was by no means unalloyed. Sitting cross-legged on the floor of the East Hall, we felt that the eyes of the 1904 and 1905 girls who lined the steps were bent on us with a criticizing gaze, that even our entertainers were sizing us up. Were we doing what we ought? And all through the evening we could not suppress a doubt of our class song,—Would it go well? Were the words good?

The last question we were nearly able to answer ourselves. We had been in college only three weeks and were green enough to think that every question we had been putting to ourselves was of the utmost importance; and yet we had lost enough of our greenness to feel that our class song was perhaps not "just the thing." At length the time came for the class songs, but 1904 was called on first. In an excess of respect we rose, only to be told that it was very bad form to stand up for any class song but our own. There were agonized whispers of "How awful!" "They will never forget this!" Most of us remained standing, but some, whether from weakness in the knee-joints or a sense of propriety, sank back to the floor. In the midst of this calamity we were called on for our song, and how ashamed we felt! It was all very well to be proud of our class, but to flaunt our superiority, or supposed superiority in the faces of our upperclassmen and entertainers

was quite another thing. Eyes sought the floor, faces grew scarlet, as in weak, breathless, and too high tones we quavered forth the words:

"As the bright stars in the Heavens
See a comet soaring by,
As exceeding all in glory
It shoots grandly through the sky;
So this peaceful old college
Will look on our course afar,
And gaze in silent wonder
At Naughty-six Bryn Mawr,"

Now, from the standpoint of our senior year, we look back on our first attempt at a class song with pity for the poor little Freshmen who were so overcome with wonder at their own existence as to lose all sense of proportion, but we also feel an appreciative sympathy for the enthusiasm which led us to adopt such a song, and which has throughout our four years given loyal vigor to our class spirit.

MARY T. RICHARDSON.



Summit Grove

"Have ye awl got y'r passes?" drawls out Alfred through the little window, as the door of the 'bus slams to and the sound of Taylor bell ringing one o'clock has died away. (The trustful soul never asked to see our passes; he was too much of a gentleman.) As soon as the 'bus gets fairly started there comes Adelaide running after us, tearing up the gravel in her frantic efforts not to be left behind. Now, are we all in? Yes, fourteen Freshmen and Miss Gifford, bound for Summit Grove.

Well, and what is it when we get there? We see first a gaunt, homely structure with a long, long porch where we could do a period of exercise on rainy days; and wide steps in the front, where we always sat in the sun when lunch was over; and a broad, flat roof, with windows opening out on it, where the children of Summit Grove used to love to sit and study, and sing. "I have a little rooster, my rooster loves me," until one day—very suddenly—they ceased to care for the roof.

And if we go inside the house, there is the dining room on the right, where the children sang so much that the sound made large cracks in the ceiling, and where Witty stood and kept guard lest they should have too much to eat. And on the left is the Warden's Office, where the Freshmen went—very green and timid—to their Advisory Appointments, and—very glad and hungry—to tea on Tuesday afternoons. And beyond that is the parlor, where they jumped hard on the daisy sofa to make it wear out quickly.

It was in the parlor that "The Proposal under Difficulties" took place. It went off very smoothly, too, thanks to Grace Wade's happy thought of pinning her most troublesome lines to the inside of a screen. What prompted this attempt on our part was our love for the Sophomores, and it could only have been the Sophomores' love for us that kept them so still and so kind and so polite while they were being given a play that they had acted themselves the year before.

Another event of histrionic importance took place in this parlor. And oh! ye young things of Summit Grove! if future Success ever throws the mantle of pride over your shoulders; if Fame ever crowns your heads with laurels; if your ears ever become deafened by the applause of this world, and you feel yourselves unduly inflated with the glory of your several careers,—recall but for a moment, recall! I say, the memory of what is known to you and to you alone, as "The Bat and the Bus-horse." Bring back to your imagination the scene of all-powerful Odin pealing forth the strains of "Benore! oh Benore!" See again the red gleams of Ragnorok lighting up the pale faces of the Rhine maidens as they lightly trilled: "Was there Minny at the ball? There was. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Fix once

more before you the gaunt and angular form of her who was labelled "Sibyl," as with graphic gestures she impersonated certain well-beloved members of the Faculty. Finally, let the quiet patience and noble self-command preserved throughout by each member of the audience, be a lesson which you can never forget.

But now we must go outside, for after all the best part of Summit Grove is the yard and the grass where in the warm spring days the violets were so thick there was scarcely room for the dandelions, and every tree had an "engaged" sign pinned to it. And it is over there to the right that there suddenly appeared one day, about the eighth of May, a large dogwood tree in full bloom. It had come along with the rest of the good fortune that attended our presentation of the "Comedy of Errors." And on that same day, people came from far off to "ye Summit Greene"; and they sat and watched the noble mien and stately bearing of the Duke Solinus, as he condemned the poor old man to die before the sun should go down behind the dogwood tree; and they watched the crowd in the streets of Ephesus swelled before their eyes by those who quickly ran out one door and sauntered in another; and above all they wonderingly watched the brothers Dromio; for those long-legged twins, skipping about with their sly, smirking smiles and high-pitched voices, resembled each other to the point of identity. And when it was all over the guests went away, leaving two hundred dollars for the Students' Building, and a ride to the Zoo for the Summit Grove children.

It is time for the 7.15 'bus. We must leave Summit Grove now, for there is a lecture in the chapel tonight, and those we always attend. It is a moonlight night; two can ride outside, and we can sing as we go along. (All right, Alfred.)

The Winter is over, we're waiting for Spring;
Oh list to the children of Summit Grove sing!
We'll always remember, when College is done,
Our Summit Grove friendships and frolics and fun,
Sing 'Tyrili irili irili O!
As backwards and forwards so gaily we go;
The 'bus it may rattle, the 'bus it may stick,
We're Summit Grove Sports and we don't care a lick!

PHOEBE SINCLAIR CROSBY.



1905
Sophomore
Play

Trelawny of the "Wells"

1905 to 1906

In the memorable month of October, 1902, the class of 1906 saw its first bit of college theatricals in the play given us and presented so creditably by our time-honored Sophomores. Though very green and thrilled by the prospect of foot-lights, we had still enough equilibrium to know a good time when we saw it, and that night we felt that we had seen it. 1905 is to be congratulated most heartily on its histrionic abilities displayed for our benefit.

The heroine, Alice Eleanor Mason, though suffering from a very unmanageable hoop-skirt, looked the part of an ideal lady-love, and deserved all the attention which she received from her class-mate Frederica Le Fevre, the devoted lover. It may well be said that quite a stir was caused even among the audience by the good-looking Sir Arthur, whose attentions to Rose Trelawny were so marked.

Probably the most creditable and highly amusing bit of acting was done by Anne Greene, favored with the munificent name of Vice Chancellor Sir William Gower. Her facial expressions alone would have entertained the gymnasium at large, not to mention her real acting. Others, however, were there to amuse—Helen Garrett with her kaleidoscopic changes of countenance; Helen Kempton, with those dreadful plaid trousers and "always-to-the-front" air about her; and finally Caroline Morrow, with the stove-pipe hat and inimitable swagger. These alone might have carried through the play. Florence Craig, in her old-fashioned gown and curls, was a delightful picture to watch. The minor positions were fairly well taken, though none stand out prominently above the others.

We left the gymnasium that night with the idea firmly rooted in our minds that to equal this exhibition was to be our first and important task in the line of dramatics. It remains to be seen whether we lived up to our intentions.

The next evening we became a little closer acquainted with the famed actresses, in fact, were given the chance to be thrilled to death at dancing with several of them. Our own costumes, so gorgeous when viewed in the privacy of our apartments, looked meagre and dingy beside those of our dressy hostesses. However, we managed to thrust jealousy aside ever and anon, and enjoy ourselves to the full extent.

May the Class of 1906 extend its thanks and congratulations even in this late day to the Class of 1905 for giving us in the beginning of our Freshman career two delightful evenings to look back upon.

DOROTHY CONGDON.

Lantern Night

Lantern Night really began early in the afternoon, when we, as impatient Freshmen, took the first opportunity of hastening to Denbigh, and securing our beautiful new caps and gowns, possessions which we had coveted for one whole weary month. Trustful and easy in mind, because of the official decree that hazing of any sort would not be tolerated by the authorities, we did not even trouble to hide our new splendor away, but sat and gazed at it all afternoon in rapt expectation.

At eight in the evening we put it on for the very first time, and formed a semi-circle in front of Denbigh, waiting for the Sophomores to come to us. There are few occasions in the College year more beautiful and more interesting than this same Lantern Night. Long before we saw 1905, we heard them in the distance, singing the Greek hymn to which not one of us will ever grow tired of listening.

Then we caught glints of blue through the bushes, the blue of 1906, and we realized that this was the blue of our lanterns. It took sometime before 1905 reached us: *Pallas Athena* admits of only the slowest and stateliest of marches. Finally they came and gave us our lanterns, which it was to be our duty to keep lighted all through the long evening, and to keep lighted in spirit throughout the four years of our College life, and, indeed, ever afterwards. We all felt very strange as we took our lanterns, in the midst of the quiet of the night, and then broke the silence with our own Lantern Song,

"We'll follow thee, if near or far,
So hail, thou lantern of Bryn Mawr."

Then, as was fitting, we marched two by two through the halls, consecrating ourselves, as it were, to their service, the halls which had been standing long before we came to Bryn Mawr, and will stand long after we leave it, but which for four years belong to us and form a part of our life.

Finally, under Pembroke Arch, we cheered for other classes that had carried their lanterns on such nights as this, and listened to other lantern songs, all animated with the same spirit as our own.

The next morning we wore our caps and gowns to Chapel and sang our College Hymn, and then, at last, we became a real part of the College, as much a part of Bryn Mawr as the Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores before us.

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND.

The Freshman Play

Though President Thomas quite forgot to mention the plot when she discussed the Freshman play in Chapel, yet we the authors must always look upon it as one of the most memorable achievements of our lives. Talk of the poet's fine phrensy, it was nothing to the emotion that stirred our souls as we walked to and from the Pike composing lyrics. And the pride that filled us when we heard of the play's acceptance will never be aroused by any future laurels of our literary careers. But enough of the authors, we will leave them to posterity.

Perhaps the most valuable effect of the rehearsals was to reveal Nineteen Six's latent histrionic ability. Who will ever forget the verve with which Sue exclaimed "Hack it out!" Or Grace Wade's masterly declamation of a Freshman theme! Ruth Archbald, as the gracious Prince Henry, undaunted by innumerable ditches, burst magnificently upon a dramatic career which she afterwards pursued with ever-increasing glory. The ingenious plot—which the President forgot to mention—was constructed with the one aim and purpose and forethought of giving rise to a series of the most fairy-like dances, executed by Nineteen Six with energy at least. Was this the germ of future Gilbert dancing? Class-mates, can we claim this honor? The heroines, when we have said this we have said enough; although Ethel's voice was reduced to a feeble creak and Jessie had a painful partiality for "Mr. Dooley."

Yet all was not merry dance and song,—not to mention the plot. Some of our troubles came in the preparation; when, for instance, the moon obstinately refused to shine through Pembroke Arch and was only conquered, after a protracted struggle, by Adeline's artistic genius. Lectures, meals, sleep, had to be entirely discounted in the mad whirl of rehearsals. Alas and alas, the cut habit then engendered has not been entirely destroyed in some of our noble band. Even the powers-that-be added to the burden; it was a stern warden who stopped a generous young heart as she rushed from the dining-room concealing (?) in her Peter Thompson, a large slice of pumpkin-pie for the famished stage manager; we repeat, it was a stern warden who commanded "Miss Cruice, return that pie or pay a dollar." (N. B. I went hungry, A. W. N.) The night of the play—of which Miss Thomas forgot to mention the plot—luckily all went well, except for the trifling incident of the back row disappearing precipitately in the last act.

But when troubles and fun alike were over, we felt a pang of real regret when we thought that the Freshman Play was a thing of the past. Little did we realize how irrevocably it was gone. Luckily for them the classes that came after can never understand the value of that first work and play together, which inspires the loyal class spirit and which makes the Freshman Play one of the happiest memories of our college life.

ADELAIDE W. NEALL,
LOUISE N. CRUICE.

Banner Presentation

1904 to 1906

Mr. Noah	HELEN ARMY
Mrs. Noah	AGNES GILLINDER
Shem	ANNA JONAS
Ham	CLARA WOODRUFF
Japheth	DOROTHY FOSTER

THE TWELVE THOUGHTLESS THINKERS

M. ROCKWELL	A. BUZBY	S. PALMER
S. BRIGGS	E. SILKMAN	M. ROSS
A. SELICK	N. ADAIRE	L. CLARK
M. ALBEE	A. BORING	J. HEMPHILL

ARKITECTS

M. ULLMAN	M. CHRISTIE	M. ALBEE
H. ARMY	G. WINTERBOTHAM	

This little ark-shaped program, delightfully reminiscent of a childhood toy but recently laid aside, gave hardly an intimation of the varied pleasures in store for us. Varied the pleasures truly were, for the scope of that merry entertainment was most comprehensive. Wide-eyed in infant amazement we beheld wonderful animals whose strange antics and melodious, though somewhat muffled, carols kept us in a state of happy anticipation of what next would come forth from that productive ark. Amid the marvels of crowing elephants and turtle-doves that barked, came the timely warning of the ante-diluvian bear that we must never cut our lectures, the heart-rending lament of the poor donkey, that

"He has to walk to Horace
For they don't allow a trot,"

and allusions to the many diversions of college life—

"The Sophomore play, the dance next day,
And Duse not half bad."

Best of all, to us who were developing more and more a heart-felt admiration for the versatile Junior Class, was the gratifying information that the acme of Bryn Mawr's blessings was attained with the coming of "the meritorious, all victorious class of 1906." In our none too modest rush song at the very opening of our college career, *we* had confidently announced that fact, but we were not aware until this night that the rest of the college were quite ready to admit it. But now such admission came unsolicited from these wonderful Juniors! Praise from them, we proudly felt, was praise indeed.

When later we heard how great had been the struggles of hard-working 1904 to procure from a more and more amazed Wanamaker clerk some cloth "the color of a horse, please," green lining "that will look just like a frog," and, above all, "gray flannel to make a donkey"—then did we feel even more than before an undying gratitude for all this care and anxiety, resulting in the wonderful array of jovial beasts who roared the short but reassuring refrain—

"We love you, 1906."

Finally, more precious than all the rest, from that fertile ark there came, drawn forth by two white doves, our new 1906 banner, which since then has stood to us as the visible symbol of our unified class life, representing as it were, the sum of what our lanterns mean to us individually. This banner was accompanied by a shower of its tiny counterparts, which now, needless to say, occupy honored places in all the 1906 memory books; with it, too, came the song which we so loved to hear sung in those last spring evenings of 1904's college life, and which we are proud to carry on and present to our Freshmen for the next dark blue class—

"Oh Freshmen, stand by your Juniors' side
And your Juniors will stand by you;
Tho' some may scoff and some deride,
Remember that we'll be true.
Of a different shade are our banners made
But they're both of the same old blue;
So Freshmen stand by your Juniors' side
And your Juniors will stand by you."

HELEN ESTABROOK SANDISON.

The Great Catastrophe

Given to our Half-Breeds

"Gud marnin' Missus Hennissy, and wuz ye to the show last night?"

"Naw! phwat show Mrs Dooly?"

"Oh, land sakes, the best show Oi ever seed—Faith, and it was better then any church parlor performance Oi ever wuz at. Oi wuz that excited all the toime, as if oi'd been 'goin to me own weddin'."

"Ye don't say so, Mrs. Dooly."

"Indade Oi do, Missus Hennessy. Oh Lor' if Oi only had a tongue on me like me dear Pat, you'd be hopping 'round me like a toad on hearin' of all the excoitement. But the poor man wasn't allowed to go, so you'll never be able to hear of the shtyle, and the illigance and the thrills of the show."

"And phwat was the matter with Pat that he couldn't go?" asked Missus Hennissy.

"Faith, nothin' the matter with him, me frind. 'Twas giv'n by a ladies Seminary!"

"Oi niver heard till of the loike. And don't they allow the girls in a ladies cemetery?" queried Mrs. Hennessy.

"No shtoopid woman. Pat couldn't be after going because some of the young ladies wore gentlemen's clothes!"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Hennessy; "But won't ye be after tellin' me about the show, Oi'm real anxious to hear."

"Well Missus Hennessy, Oi will. Oi'll do me best by the young ladies, for they wuz regular out and outers; well, I took me young Minnie and Sally with me, and youse should have seen them kids, they looked like a couple of young frogs, their eyes were popping out of their heads so!"

"Ah, Missus Dooley, thim darlint children look like frogs? Niver!"

"Yes, Oi do say it, though Oi am their own mother, bless their darlin' little hearts! Well, whin the curtain went up, Mrs. Hennessy, there wuz a lovely young lady in the richest gown you'd ever seed, and she wuz jumping 'round with joy 'cause she wuz going to see her lover "Jack," as she wuz so sweetly callin' him. She wuz a right smart girl, too, I tell you. She put an old lady out of the house, and as quick as a wink her dear friend Jack wuz to see her. "Ah, Mrs. Hennesy, it reminded me of me own courtin' days, to see thim two together. The young fellow wuz as handsome as ———"

"Seems to me, Mrs. Dooly, there's nothing doin' at this play at all—Nothing but a love-sick couple—that sort of thing don't suit me."

"Ah, wait a bit, Missus Hennessy, you'se in a hurry—There wuz somethin' more than thim, I can till ye. There wuz ghosts, and fits, and faintin's, and there wuz more love makin'!"

"Faintings and fits did ye say? Now do tell—How did the children take on, Mrs. Dooley?"

"Will, Oi must say, it kind of scared um—They were shiverin' like young rats when they got into bed, they're a narvous pair, take after their pa—But Oi must be after tellin' you about them young ladies in the play. There was one of them dressed up as an Irish butlerman. He wuz a sight—Oi wuz wonderin' what the young lady really looked like—for the man had a nose on him that stuck right up in the air—and bright red hair on him. Faith, he wuz homely! He wuz always being scared by a young Miss noimed Tilly, and she wuz always playing jokes on him. He thought he killed a man, and it wuz only a cat, and she got a ghost to come in, and scared him silly. Say, it wuz great! 'Twas him that had the fit, too, Missus Hennessy. Oh, he did it illegant!"

"Well, Missus Dooley, it do sound roight foine. And who did the faintin'?"

"Shure, 'twas the young hero herself. She thought her lover had gone back on her. Faith, me old heart bled for the darlint. Thin there wuz another man named Ben, who wuz sweet on Tilly—She wuz right sassy, and made him step round lively all right—La, it made me laugh. She wuz as pert and pretty as could be, and knew how to manage him."

"You don't say so, Missus Dooley, kind of a flirt, Oi should say."

"In the end it wuz foine, Missus Hennessy—There wuz 3 couples. Ben and Tilly, the young lady and her gent. And the old lady and the father, all so lovin' and happy. And the red-headed Irishman had money to go back to his sweetheart in Ireland."

"Oh, Missus Dooley, it sounds grand—Phwat wuz the name?"

"Ah, now that's too bad, I've forgit it. Somethin' about a cat, I think."

"Wuz it for charity, Missus Dooley?"

"Oi think it wuz—it wuz given for some poor little Half-Breeds."

"How sweet of the young ladies."

"Wa'nt it though, and so illigantly and shtylishly done."

C. ELIZABETH HARRINGTON.

Winning the Gym Contest

Way back in the early ages of our civilization, almost before we had entirely ceased to be prehistoric—that is, so far as Bryn Mawr was concerned—to be specific, when we were Freshmen, there was a Sunny Gym for us. Really I am not joking, gym-time was “moontime, noontime, fun-time,” to us once. I know it seems hard to believe now, but I have pretty good authority for it, since when it got abroad that I was about to part with my treasured impressions of our gym contest to the public, several well-known members of 1906, notably original third divisioners, who had reached promotion when the third division ceased to exist, came to me and with tears in their eyes entreated me to spare no pains in prodding deeply the secret nooks of my memory for the microscopic grains of that now rare stuff called Joy-in-Gym we once possessed. They wanted to be able to have it vividly recalled to them that such a time had ever actually existed. As Freshmen, we were a most exuberant class, and our great enthusiasm had to have an outlet somewhere. So gym, where we abandoned ourselves and bodies to the tender mercies of Dr. Smith, seemed to be a fitting place. Under her fostering care and Miss Bessie Bell’s, we marched and counter-marched, with strict, soldier-like precision, did dumb-bell and free-hand drills with flawless accuracy. Gym was a lovely place! We looked forward to each drill with great expectations, for here only was true joy in living, fit ground for the display of our great talents. All the year, egged on by the sense of emulation a coming contest brings, we scanned Dr. Smith’s face for words of command, divined them almost before they were said, and presto, they were executed. Then would come warm words of praise and commendation, and we would go away from the drill, feeling yards higher in the air; the sun seemed to shine brighter, the campus to look more beautiful, and life itself to have a sweetness never before so keenly felt. And so the days flew by on the wings of the angel Gym. At last came the eventful day of the contest itself. We were in a great flutter of excitement. Most of us had hardly slept all night with thinking of it. What if we should lose, after all our faithful training of the year, after all our enthusiasm! We dared not reflect too deeply on such an event. And then 1903 had had three more years of gym work than we! It was clearly folly to hope. But 1906 was determined not to let others see them faint-hearted, so they marched, with spirits low, carefully concealed under their dark blue blouses, and heads high. “Veni, vidi——.” Anxiously we awaited commands, and, as little tremblingly as possible carried them out, while 1903 sat in a surprisingly

nonchalant attitude in the gallery. Most of us could never tell afterwards how we made our arms and legs go through the exercises. But we had builded better than we knew. The interested, enthusiastic training of the year had made us automatons, the presence of the mind was hardly necessary. At last, the drill was over. 1903 had already contended—a dreadful, torturing few *years* while the judges compared notes, then “VICI” rang and re-rang in all our ears before we finally realized what it meant. The subsequent contests with the other divisions of 1903 and then the great final ones with 1905 seemed no longer terrible ordeals, now that we had once tasted of sweet victory. And so we had come, had seen and had conquered all the world in our championship at gym. What was there left to us that we could not do! But alack—parallel bars, Indian clubs and—VAULTS OVER THE LENGTH OF THE LONG HORSE!! were still creatures of Miss Garlock’s prolific brain.

GRACE B. WADE.



Choosing the Class Animal

With spring-time came one of the last Freshman problems, the question of the class animal and of the class seal. Finally a committee was chosen; that is, the class of 1906 again found opportunity of watching other people work, a sight they peculiarly appreciate, to judge by the alacrity they show when letting the chair appoint a committee. The martyred few proceeded to spend the ensuing days in dark corners of Taylor, buried in books which they boasted contained that rare article, registration cards pure of initials. Their sufferings were great; one unfortunate was haunted in dreams by a queer creature called a "Gules-Rampant," while another found herself murmuring in place of Chaucer's Metre Scheme—"A bull dog, azure, turgescant on a field vert."

Finally they felt prepared to report and a class meeting was called. I remember it vividly still; it was among the most exciting I ever attended, for it was the scene of one of our time-honored scraps. Ethel de Koven, as Chairman, read out the list of animals from which we were to choose. Noah, entering the ark, could not have headed a more motley collection. There was a lion, a tiger, a gryphon, a bull, a bull-dog, and heaven knows what else, each with an appropriate motto. Instantly, the wildest confusion arose. Jessie Thomas,—on the principle of like to like, no doubt—pleaded unceasingly for the bull-dog, while Smithy's affections were centered on the bull; why, no one could guess, as it only connoted Durham Plug Tobacco to our minds. Ever and anon Gladys Chandler would put in a timid word for the lion, king of beasts, only to be drowned out by Smithy calling for "A fair field and no favor"; Mary's gavel pounded unceasingly, with little effect until our lung power and our legs gave out simultaneously. Finally we sat quiet, despair on every face, lightened only by malignant glances at the committee, who were of singularly retiring natures that afternoon. Then suddenly Ethel Bullock arose, her eyes shining with inspiration; we leaned forward eagerly to hear her cry in ringing tones, "Why don't we have a stork?" And, in the riotous laughter that followed, we could hear Alice Lauterbach attempting desperately to enlighten the mystified Ethel. At last some one—or was it among the committee's collection of pleasant beasts?—suggested the crab and its motto, and after some fierce altercation it was elected to rule over the destiny of Nineteen-Six. Unable to have the chair appoint any more committees, we adjourned, to scrap all the way home on the merits of the crab.

LOUISE NETTERVILLE CRUCE.

The Cafe des Frais-Hommes

Menu

Hors d' Oeuvres
Orchestre à la Sousa.
Entrée.
Du Duc Anglais.
Poisson.
Ecrevisse à la Musique.
Rôti
Ballet aux Petits Pieds.
Entrée
Des Anarchistes, Sauce Diable.
Glacé
Crème de la Crème a l'Espagne.
Salade.
Aux Choux-fleurs.
Entrée.
De Pierre et Pierrot.
Crème Glacé.
Chanson à la Pendule.
Bonbons.
Duel de Deux Drôles.
Café.
Grand Finale.

Café des Frais-Hommes.
Le 25 ième Avril 1903.

A week before we transferred the Latin Quarter of Paris, France, to the Gymnasium, Bryn Mawr, the College was plastered with placards, whereon was set forth in bold blue letters that the Café des Frais-Hommes would be open on April twenty-fifth at eight o'clock. The fateful night arrived and 1904 was ushered into the gym. Small tables covered with the traditional white cloth were set around, obsequious waiters in their white aprons and short jackets hurried about serving cold drinkables from champagne bottles (alas! for romance, it was only lemonade), ice cream and cake circulated in large

quantities, and to add to the general gaiety of the scene, a few loudly dressed Parisians were already seated at some of the tables, talking, laughing, and gesticulating in the inimitable French way.

Then the Menu began! First, of course, Hors d'oeuvres "Orchestre à la Sousa." Next an Entrée. A stately young man came in, dressed in the very latest fashion. It was whispered about that he was an English duke! The course following "Écrevisse à la Musique," was a delicate tribute to our distinguished guests; a life-like and beautiful red crab escorted a plump, brown beaver to a seat of honor and then, contrary to the usual customs of crabs, lifted up its voice and sang a highly eulogistic ditty to the fat little animal. The Rôti, now, was something really substantial. Eight entirely fascinating young persons tripped a most dainty and graceful ballet. This was about to be applauded with much enthusiasm, when a horrible commotion occurred. Two nefarious individuals had placed a *bomb!* under the Duke's chair. Fortunately the fuse was still sputtering and a trusty waiter stamped it out. After this exciting interlude, attention was again centered on the Menu. What could "crème de la crème à l'Espagne" be? But there was not long to wait. A bewitching Spanish girl charmed us all with her graceful national dance. The audience had scarcely finished applauding when softly the back door opened, and the very incarnation of spring came in, singing a simple little song, and throwing bunches of pansies from her over-laden basket to the Juniors. After this incursion into sentiment, the audience was all the more ready for a little fun. "Pierre and Pierrot," two white-clad clowns, got off a number of time-honored jests. Next, a little French chorus girl sang a song about an ill-brought-up clock "who had an inclination to be fast." All this time our English Duke had been casting sheep's eyes at a pretty little Frenchwoman seated with her escort at a table near him. Just at this point he mustered up enough courage to walk over and address her. Madame was pleased, but not so Monsieur. A violent quarrel was the result. Somehow or other, Monsieur and the Duke were pacified, and sat down at the table with smiling Madame between them.

Last of all, the grand finale, when all joined in a chorus of praise and love for 1904.

Lights out in the café, the opening and the closing are both over, and the gym is again the prosaic old place we all know it to be. Goodbye to old Paris, and goodbye, alas! to our Juniors who left us two years ago, but never goodbye to our loving memories of them and of their kindness to their Freshmen, for which the "Café des Frais-Hommes" was all too slight a return.

ETHEL LE ROY DE KOVEN.

Freshman Class Supper

A good many class suppers have come and gone since that one, but when I think of "class supper" it calls up the picture of the class of nineteen-six in all its gayest plumage as we marched into the dining room singing our dainty little rush song. The class of 1906 yes, but as Mr. Broadbent told our illustrious president, "four years of concentration will tell;" and it will be a sadder and a wiser class that meets this year; economizing in our length of table, too. The festivities opened with strawberries and a short speech by Miss Neall, the toast mistress, all listening eagerly for their own suggestions so pitifully requested. Her speech, however, was original, very. In the pause after the applause, while we more unfortunate ones were clutching at scribbly little pieces of paper, and trying not to look nervous, Miss Neall rose again and told us we were to have a toast on men. All eyes naturally were turned upon Kitty—from the West. To our great enlightenment she talked on "Man as a Necessary Evil." Man hater? Kitty? No, indeed! She only "prefers not to have them around." Next Prince Henry, née Ruth Archebald, told us about our Freshman Play. It was a splendid appreciation. I wish we had it now for the 1905 Class Book. The other speakers of the evening were Miss de Koven—I think Elsie remembers that speech better than I do; Miss Richardson—I think we had the pleasure of two from her, one on hockey and one to our class. I refrain from quotations lest she should be planning to use them again this spring—perhaps at the Dean's luncheon. They were quite worth it.

Just as the atmosphere began to be too frivolous, Miss Harrington told us why she came to college. Her toast was, I think, "My Success In Society." It needed Miss Ford's and Miss Neall's "Milliken Dance" to bring smiles back to our chubby countenances. This is all that I can glean of ancient history. I have searched the college, asking for information of the glorious clan itself, not of the on lookers—for "scarcely a man is yet alive who remembers that famous day and year." This invariably has been my answer: "Why yes, that was the night I wore my green with yellow spots and sat by Callie; toasts? oh yes, so there were—good-bye."

MARION HOUGHTON.

Freshman Hockey

1905		vs.	1906.	
HAVEMEYER (Capt.)	L. F.		RICHARDSON (Capt.)	C. F.
MARSHALL	R. I.		KINGSBACHER (Congdon)	L. I.
LE FEVRE (Little)	L. I.		SPENCER (deKoven)	R. I.
KEMPTON	R. W.		WADE (Evans)	L. W.
MASON	L. W.		FORD (Lyon)	R. W.
DENISON	C. H.		H. SMITH	C. H.
UNDERHILL	L. H.		WHITE	R. H.
LONGSTRETH	R. H.		NEALL	L. H.
STURGIS (Morrow)	R. F.		HEWITT (Neilson)	L. F.
PUTNAM (Parks)	C. F.		HARRINGTON	R. F.
NICHOLS	G.		DELANO	G.

November 13—Won by 1906—score 3-2.
 November 15—Won by 1905—score 5-0.
 November 19—Won by 1905—score 4-0.

Freshman Basketball

1905		vs.	1906.	
DAY	H.		HEWITT (Capt.)	G.
MARSHALL (Capt.)	R. F.		H. SMITH	L. B.
DENISON	L. F.		WHITE	R. B.
BREADY (Underhill)	C. C.		RICHARDSON	C. C.
KEMPTON	R. C.		EVANS	L. C.
THURSTON (Morrow)	L. C.		KINGSBACHER (Thomas)	R. C.
JAYNES	G.		HOUGHTON (Wade)	H.
LYNDE	R. B.		HARRINGTON (Lauterbach)	L. F.
MASON (Havemeyer)	L. B.		KATZENSTEIN	R. F.

May 1—Won by 1906—score 8-2.
 May 4—Won by 1905—score 2-5.
 May 6—Won by 1905—score 8-9.

Varsity Hockey

MARSHALL	DAY (Richardson)	FORWARDS.	
		KEMPTON	RAYMOND (Capt.)
		LOMBARDI	
PECK		HALF-BACKS.	
		DENISON	CASE
HARRINGTON		FULL-BACKS.	
		PETERS	H. SMITH, <i>Goal</i>

November 6—Won by Bryn Mawr—score 2-0.
 November 8—Won by Merion—score 0-2.
 November 11—Won by Bryn Mawr—score 3-0.

Varsity Basketball

HOUGHTON		FORWARDS.	
		MARSHALL	DENISON
M. WHITE		CENTRES.	
		RAYMOND	KEMPTON
CRISSWELL		GUARDS.	
		MASON	LANGE (Capt.)

Varsity vs. Alumnae.

June 3—Won by Varsity—score 9-4.

Calendar of Freshman Year

September 30, First Class Meeting.
September 31, College opened.
September 31, Class Rush.
October 2, President Thomas' Reception.
October 3, Christian Union Reception.
October 17, Senior Reception.
October 24, "The Loan of a Lyre."
October 31, Trelawny of the "Wells."
November 1, Sophomore Dance.
November 4, Lantern Night.
November 6, 8, 11, Varsity Hockey Games.
November 13-25, Class Hockey Games.
November 14, Freshman Play, "The Strenuous Life."
November 15, Freshman Dance to 1905.
December 12, "Everyman."
December 13, Banner Presentation.
January 16, College Reception.
January 23, Founder's Lecture.
January 29-February 10, Mid-Year's.
February 13, "The Mad Tea-Party" and "His Lordship, the Burglar."
March 12, Record Marking.
March 14, "The Great Catastrophe."
April 21, "Cafe des Frais-Hommes" to 1904.
May 1-May 7, Basketball.
May 1, Second College Reception.
May 2, "The Belle's Stratagem."
May 8, "The Comedy of Errors."
May 8, Junior-Senior Supper—"Gareth and Lynette."
May 18, Freshman Class Supper.
May 20-June 3, Finals.
May 29, Meeting of Sub-Freshmen.
June 4, Commencement.

Sophomore Year

Class Officers

President—MARY TUCKERMAN RICHARDSON.

Vice-President and Treasurer—PHOEBE SINCLAIR CROSBY.

Secretary—ETHEL STRATTON BULLOCK.

Offices Held by the Class

Christian Union—CATHARINE L. ANDERSON.

Students' Association for Self-Government—Advisory Board:

HELEN PRESTON HAUGHWOUT.

SUSAN ADAMS DELANO.

Undergraduate Association—Assistant Treasurer, C. ELIZABETH HARRINGTON.

Athletic Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, JESSIE G. HEWITT.

Glee Club—Business Manager, LUCIA O. FORD.

Fortnightly Philistine—Editor, ADELAIDE W. NEALL.

Basket-Ball Team—Captain, JESSIE G. HEWITT.

Hockey Team—Captain, MARY T. RICHARDSON.

1907 Rush



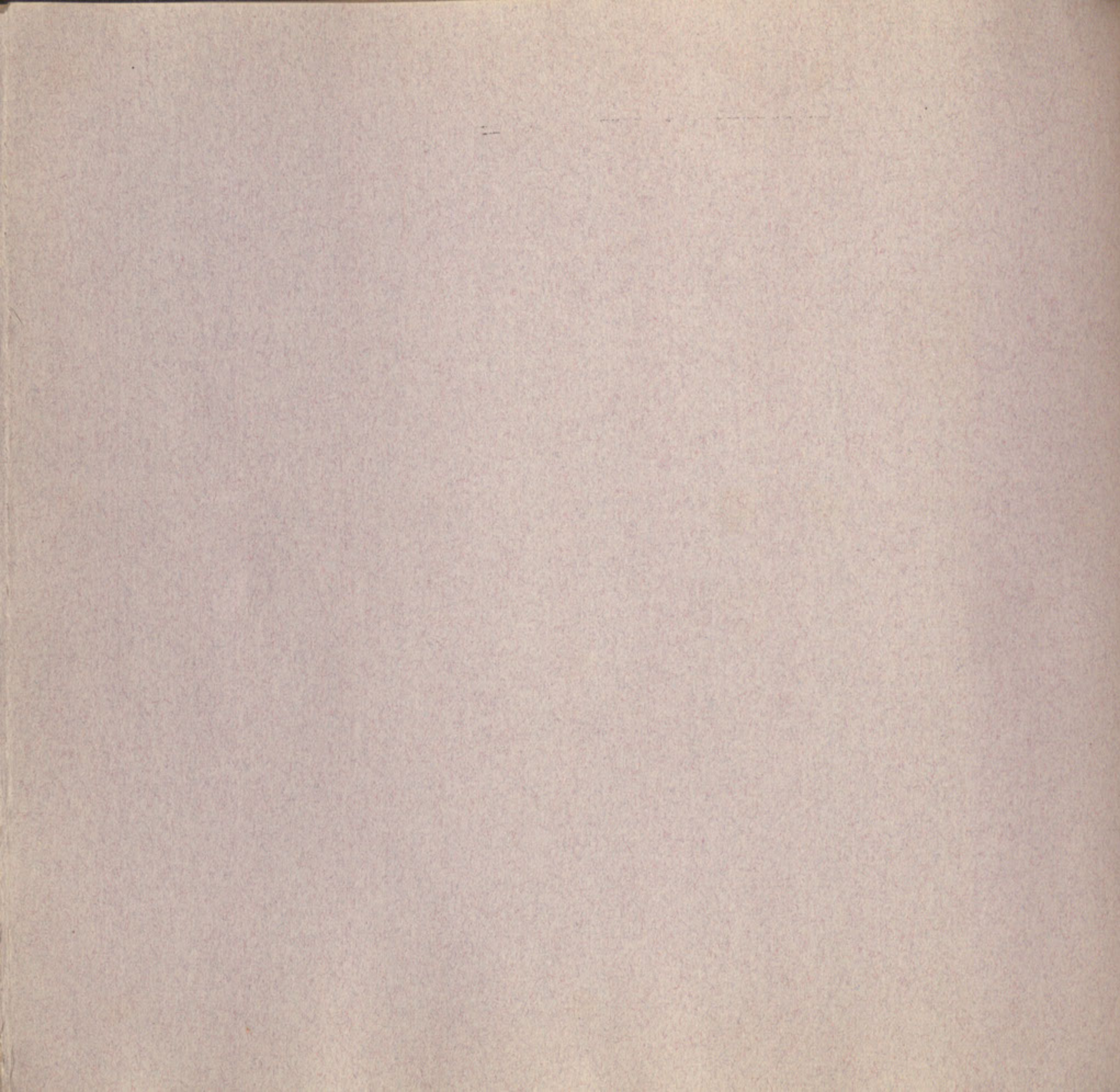
HOUGH the Class of 1906 as one man rushed back to college early Sophomore year in order to be ready to give 1907 its due reception, and even though we did have two or three days of unalloyed bliss of having the sidewalk deferentially yielded as we passed on our way, yet the full realization of our really, truly superior Sophomore privileges did not come upon us until *the* evening when we gave voice to that unexcelled song,

"Hi! Hi! here come the freshest mushrooms.
Bryn Mawr has ever seen,"

and our men from Cooks' piloted the shrieking, singing mass of Freshmen from hall to hall. Our joy knew no bounds as Smithy and Cruice and others in stentorian tones bellowed directions through large megaphones. And our shouts of mirth and condescending welcome drowned out the cheers of 1905 hovering near. We had posted large placards in conspicuous places in all the halls bearing such sentiments as "green grow the Rushes O" and "Come early and avoid the Rush" which we were sure would wither the Freshmen with their delicate sarcasm.

About eight o'clock in the evening 1907 formed down on the Athletic Field and then marched through the Halls singing "1907, brave and strong" to the tune of what I thought was "Marching Through Georgia," but afterward learned was "Excelsior." At any rate it made a great racket which was as but a piping when we broke into "Hi, Hi," or "Freshman, Oh, Oh, Oh, Freshman!" with true Sophomore enthusiasm. That evening, though a bit noisy, was one full of good cheer for us, though for others, we learned afterward, one of grim and dreadful anger; and we showed our feelings in our faces as we finally met under Pembroke Arch and welcomed 1907 in somewhat more dignified and "ladylike" fashion.

ESTHER WHITE.



Presentation of the Lanterns

1906 to 1907

The old saying that it is better to give than to receive we put to the test on the bleak November night when we presented the class of 1907 with their lanterns. Something of that first thrill which we can still recall so vividly from Freshman year, we found now was gone, and we missed, too, naturally enough, that peculiarly happy sense of personal ownership which has its influence in making our own dark blue lanterns dear beyond any of the other emblems of our college life. And yet, with this, our second lantern night, there came to us a realization of the serious meaning of the form through which we were going, which went far to compensate for the loss of the more blind and wondering emotion of the year before. Such realization had come naturally, not only as a result of our greater experience in college—of which we were more than duly conscious in those early days of Sophomore dignity—but largely, too, because we had come into the beautiful spirit of our "Pallas Athene" Hymn, which in Freshman year had been to us, like the whole ceremony, only a kind of strange and lovely dream. In keeping, moreover, with the traditional fondness each class feels for the lanterns it gives away, our class, too, had real pleasure and pride in those little green lanterns with the ivy leaf design, suggestive of one of Bryn Mawr's greatest beauties. Thus it was that we found this second lantern night, in its own peculiar way, no less good and beautiful a thing than our first.

About the lantern night of our Freshman year there still lingered a tradition of the old "cap and gown" night—a night of class struggle and confusion, not at all consonant, we feel now, with the quiet impressiveness of the lantern presentation. Very fortunately for us, the tradition was but faintly echoed in our first year, and by our Sophomore lantern night, so moved were we all by the real meaning and beauty of the thing we were doing, that not one of us was even conscious of the loss of the early custom. We can well be thankful that we were the first class fully to escape even the remembrance of a spirit of class rivalry, which must have marred the beautiful ceremony of lantern night, and that we were enabled to preserve for 1907, and so for classes to come, the dignity of the consecration of the lanterns. To the many outsiders, attracted in large part by the beauty of the scene, the dark campus with the long low buildings looming black, the circle of Freshmen standing motionless, with their white dresses showing faintly, ghost-like, and the gleams of the lanterns gradually coming nearer, swung gently in time to the chant of the Greek chorus—to them the lantern ceremony may seem merely a pretty formality; but to us, who have in two successive years taken part in it, there has come a recognition of the real meaning that underlies the symbolism, as well as an appreciation of the inestimable possession of the symbol, so lovely in itself.

HELEN ESTABROOK SANDISON.

Cast of
The Guards
II.



Our Sophomore Play

D'Arry of the Guards

Cast of Characters

Major John D'Arcy	Phoebe S. Crosby
Colonel Jennison	Officers of the Grenadier Guards Mary T. Richardson
Major Dalrymple Jessie G. Hewitt
Captain Dacier Marion Houghton
Captain Kelter Alice Lauterbach
Captain Farquhar C. E. Harrington
Captain De Courcey Catharine Anderson
Captain Gregory Helen W. Smith
Captain Tripp Esther M. White
Captain Millhausen Adelaide W. Neall
Captain Raab Alice Ropes
Captain Henry Townshend Francis M. Simpson
Samuel Davis Marion Mudge
Sambo Mariam Coffin
Mrs. Townshend Helen Wyeth
Pamela Townshend Ethel de Koven
Cynthia Deane Lucia O. Ford
Guards K. McCaulay and C. Richards
Stage Manager A. E. MacClanahan
Prompter Ethel Bullock



Foreword

Stage-managers to come! Be not deluded with the vain notion that a system of fines is at all efficacious in fanning the fires of histrionic genius. Even the greed for gold has no effect in alluring the talented ones to rehearse the scenes destined to set them on a pinnacle of glory.

At least so it was with 1906 in the weeks preceding the final performance of "D'Arcy of the Guards." If any, sufficiently persuaded of their potential genius, now and then attended a rehearsal, their confidence soon met its Waterloo before the scorching blast of the torrent of invective hurled forth by Mr. King.

We fear that Miss Thomas' pleasure in witnessing our masterpiece was a bit alloyed by the dread that either the cost of the costumes, despite her injunctions to the contrary, would exceed ten cents per head, or else that the exploding of the deadly firearm in the third act would endanger the lives of the actors. We are humbly grateful to record, however, that no casualty resulted from the bursting of the paper bag, inflated for twenty minutes previous behind the scenes, by the anxious efforts of Miss McAnulty.

At a critical point in an affecting scene, Major D'Arcy thrust his hand into his trousers' pocket, purposing to produce therefrom the key of the chamber in which was secreted Captain Henry Townshend. He was a trifle mystified when his eager fingers closed on—nothing. Later in the evening, feeling a slight obstruction in his boot (said boot being good and roomy) he gleaned that the above key was below.

The Punch! was also a tasty feature of the occasion. It was warm, and red, and weak; and the gallant company who gathered round the table to imbibe, were likewise warm, and red, and weak. Their long cadaverous pipes shortened, as bit by bit the stems broke off and were dashed to the floor. Towards the close of the scene, the effect of Captain Farquhar's appealing strains, in the song of "Sally in Our Alley," was intensified by the baso profundo rumbling of the chorus. (That baso was an alto never heard on land or sea.)

The points we have touched upon do not perhaps adequately portray the full extent of our triumph, but we offer them in the hope that they will at least serve to keep alive the memory of the Sophomore Play of the Class of 1906.

(P. S.—1907 was there, too.)

PHOEBE S. CROSBY,
ANNA E. MACCLANAHAN.

A Plea for an Ancient Institution

Whereas, it has pleased the fates and the faculty to abolish the semi-annual receptions, so dear to the hearts of all of us, we, the class of 1906, humbly petition the aforesaid fates and faculty to return to ancient tradition, and to restore to us this best beloved of our rights and privileges. In reason thereof, we urge the following:

I. The receptions provided the whole college with instruction. Often have we seen the students, singly or in groups, engaged in earnest conversation with their professors, drinking in eagerly the wisdom of the ages, while other students stood anxiously near, awaiting their turn, and planning questions that would open to them the vast stores of knowledge stored away in academic minds.

II. They stimulated the students to a fondness for beauteous apparel. On these occasions did the soberest amongst us cast aside in scorn their lowly garments, and appear resplendent as the lilies of the field.

III. They revealed to the outside world, and, indeed, to ourselves, that we were not cloistered nuns, but were merely temporarily banished from the haunts of men. Moreover, they lightened to a wonderful degree our dread sentence of four years at hard labor, and kept us from forgetting the good old customs of our native land. For men, old, middle-aged, and infantile, clad in festive evening garb, came to our receptions. Often they augmented the adoring groups around some professor, revered because of his learning; ever and anon they captured some lovely student, and bore her off to a lonely dim-lit corner, there to worship at the feet of knowledge. Small wonder, then, that these gatherings were a success, where learning flowed for all as plentifully as milk and honey.

IV. And lest those eager to acquire information should faint from exhaustion, there were real milk and honey, not unmixed with more solid foods. And he who in his haste to catch the train had come without his dinner could feast himself, if he so desired, on both sides of Pembroke. Now and again we have seen some hungry traveller, or perhaps a still more hungry student, eat, and eat, and eat again, from the bounteous stores so liberally provided. What a blessed sight it is to see the gnawing pangs of starvation appeased!

V. The receptions inculcated within us a love of harmony. All evening long the melodious notes of a string orchestra sounded in our ears; and when the clock pointed to the

magic hour of eleven, then, O greatest of our privileges, then—after our guests had reluctantly departed, ushered out by our college hymn, then we danced, with spirits brightened by the evening's enjoyment.

VI. And after all was ended, we returned to our little cells in the college halls, so stimulated by the pleasures of the past hours that we were enabled to sit several more hours at tasks which had to be finished ere ten o'clock the next day.

It is in virtue of these considerations, and for the benefit of ourselves and posterity, that we ask this boon, and entreat that the college receptions become once more a feature of the college year.

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND.



*M.C.C.
streaming
moulden
47
+ the case!
↓
Miss Margaret Palmer*





"Haunted Mill"



Old Colonial House



Old Horatio Cemetery

A Peep at Bryn Mawr in 2002

I don't believe we shall ever forget the year 2002 A. D., do you? To enlighten the unfortunates who think I am absolutely mad and who lived too late to be let into the inner workings of our illustrious class, I will explain that the year 2002 was a leap into the future taken simultaneously by 1904 and 1906. Yes, we were rather athletic to have done it, we admit, but we have since proved such a feat wasn't a mere accident by our prowess in the recent track meet, when 'Ster White (gymnasium Star, I believe) made the great record of 2 feet, 1 inch, in the running broad jump.

Well, we made the leap with howling success, we thought. Woman, in the most tangible shape of Jessie Hewitt as Rutherford Rockefeller, walked lord of creation in all things intellectual and otherwise; through her well-meant mediation, the lofty amazons composing the undergraduate body of Bryn Mawr College, consented to allow puny man a humble place in the institution. Clarence Clare (Ruth Archbald), supposedly a descendant of a former Bryn Mawr professor, braved the sanctum of the Eternal Feminine and was initiated by the all-sustaining Rutherford into subtleties almost too deep for man. Through her efforts, he was spared the annoyance of having his body blown into years much further removed from 2002 through his clumsily managed attempts to do a chemical experiment. And having survived this ordeal, he was permitted to witness the Sophomore Play. (This was a really very pretty little series of tableaux arranged from Aucassin and Nicolette, in which Lucia Ford took the part of Nicolette—enough said). But no strong-minded woman with a worthy purpose in life will consent to stand by and let one of their number fall from noble estate, and so the students felt when they saw Rutherford so assiduous towards Clarence. Something had to be done, and Maxine Wragley herself kindly volunteered to rise from the dead and point out to Rutherford the inevitable consequences of such weak-mindedness. She appeared before the erring pair with a blood-curdling moan, which was sufficient to send poor timid Clarence Clare yowling from Bryn Mawr, and Rutherford was persuaded to pose for delighted 1904 (there were no men present) with one foot on the future, the other pointing toward the stars.

GRACE B. WADE.

The Ladies Home Learn-all

Myself that time did eagerly frequent
This hall and that, and heard great argument,
About it and about. A play 'twas not—
That's all the further that our knowledge went.

Which made it rather difficult to write the songs. It always is hard, except for the disciples of Mr. Henry James, to write on something you don't know anything whatever about. And, besides, "play" is such a beautiful word to rhyme with. I am afraid we all bore a grudge against the Dean for our poetical difficulties, until two gifted members of the class, Miss Ford and Miss Katzenstein, discovered the comprehensive term "show," which has almost as many metrical possibilities. And then with an unholy, aboriginal joy, we juba-ed out the "1907 we like your sho-ow." And *do* you remember the beautiful, realistic warwhoop that we almost decided to put in the last line?

And now we pile into the Gym,
And to the programs turn all.
The problem's solved. "The Ladies"—
What a bright idea—"Home Learn-all."

Well, of all things! That is pretty clever, isn't it? Who do you suppose thought it up? "Table of Contents, Vol. MDCCCXVII." Do you suppose they will make a cheer out of it? "No, I"—their first appearance, in other words. Wonder if they're as excited about it as we were last year. Do you remember? Oh, and so that's their class animal! Mine looks as if he were turning up his toes to the daisies. I wonder what that motto means [March 1, 1906—am still wondering.] No, let's sing first—it would be a shame to spoil our voices with cheering so soon. There, I do think we can sing *almost* as well as we cheer. Oh, the curtain—

The cover first, with tender sentiment,
Then dulcet harmonies the soft air fill
(*Hurry up and applaud—it's their song to us.*)
Next Mrs. Bernhardt, suave and subliminal,
Discourseth like a subtly flowing rill.
(*Don't you know what that means? It's a figure of speech.*)

Anon, we journey from the sunny Spain,
Whose dark Castilian beauties we have seen,
(They dance well, don't they?)
Pass parlous perils with Sir Shylock Jones
Until at last—continued page sixteen.

The animals came out two by two,
The beaver and crab with their dark and light blue,
(That's an original idea)
The turtle and Peg, with affectionate nods;
Would you call that a play to the gallery gods?

Past the tricks of the wizard, so marvelous mystic,
Past the rescue of Shylock from bold villain's gun,
Past the Lighter Vein, Fashion Page, chicly artistic,
Then past the Advertisements, and the show's done.

FRANCIS M. SIMPSON.



Our Sophomore Class Supper

Our Sophomore Class supper! My memory tells me that there are three reasons for not forgetting that festive repast; first, a dread of its coming; second, a fright I had in the middle of it, and third, a good deal of regret felt after it was over and gone. Everyone appreciates the depressing effect of the word "gone."

My fright was no laughing matter. Even now at times there sweeps over me the same horror that all but engulfed me, when, in the middle of the repast, between imbibings of our very dangerous lemonade, I was asked to tell a funny story. By the grace of Providence, or rather of our toast-mistress, Beth Harrington, five minutes for recovery was granted, or I should have died from sheer blankness of mind.

But there will never be another Sophomore Supper. That is a thing quite gone, taking with it all its pleasures. And it was the realization that we could only keep it one night and that after it was over the great and glorious Class might never sit down altogether at one board to eat the same lobster croquettes and ice-cream, and drink the same lemonade with one cherry to every dozen glasses. At all events, we seemed to have pretty strong feelings for a while, for it was a serious matter for those of us who were not to come back, and even those who planned to return to the guiding eye and tender voice of our Dean were struck by a sense of the possibilities of finals or an untimely death from too much butter at dinner.

We met at the front door of Pembroke West that memorable night and forming in a long and solemn line, two by two, marched with much dignity past the well disciplined class of 1907, into the hall, and found our places by means of cards, on the back of each of which was an appropriate toast to the girl it named, the result of the destruction of much brain tissue. The "curtain raiser" was a speech from the toast-mistress.

After this, with semi-occasional intervals for mouthfuls, toasts were asked of various people. Esther White spoke very well on the toast subject of 1907, and Anna Louise Strong, with enthusiasm, on Fame. Elsie Biglow gave us a treat on that merry festival, the College reception. Jessie Hewitt spoke with many amusing side remarks on a subject very near to our hearts—Basket-ball. We renewed our youth by the refreshing sight of Erma Kingsbacher's dancing and by hearing Ethel de Koven sing the clock song. And finally came the toast to our President, drunk with all possible enthusiasm, though with

lumps of forebodings in our throats, that were not decreased by Mary's graceful reply. The enthusiasm did not diminish with the toast to 1906 given next. We were never an unappreciative class as to the nice things of life. Do I not recall some such phrase as "gaze in silent wonder"? The Class Song went off very well, but the pitch of excitement was too great. Some one proposed a toast to those who were not to return and the tears which had been ready to fall at a word's warning poured forth in copious flood. I trust those of us who were to leave shed the most, though a number of those who were to remain were not left behind—for example, the girl who left a moist spot on my shoulder. Fortunately, some one stopped the water supply quite suddenly with the discreet remark, "Yes, our dear departed," which, while it made some of us feel like drowning her in lemonade, was yet good for us, since it enabled us to collect our battered emotions enough to give one last hearty cheer for "Mary," and then with glasses raised and one foot on the table we sang "Auld Lang Syne."

KATHERINE GANO.



The Passing of 1904—A Tragedy

Scene: "Miss Thomas' aristocratic temple of learning" (Evening Bulletin, April 3, 1906).

Act. I—Introducing the Personages of the Drama.

What is the strange procession?

It is a noisy procession,

It is a motley procession.

Toward the front of it there are persons clothed in odd and interesting garments,
some becoming, others not.

Why are so many clad in white with flowers and window curtains in their hair?

Oh, yes, they are brides.

It is a matrimonial agency.

There is one girl with a Hat.

There are others wearing basques of azure flannel with white collars.

That all these are the Heroines of the occasion may be seen from the admiration and
deference of the rest of the cavalcade, who are dressed in black cloaks and bonnets.

The procession moves on.

Down in a hollow they see a Fire.

They are cold, and hurry to warm themselves, the Nobility monopolizing the place,
and the Proletariat hovering with wistful eyes on the outskirts.

Various things happen.

They throw away books on the flames—what a sinful waste of money!

There are speeches,

Also songs.

Suddenly sixty-three girls with dark blue lamps rush up to sixty-three Heroines
and whisper something. The sixty-three Heroines shout "1906—song!"

The sixty-three girls with dark blue lamps sing.

It is a very nice song, but they do not seem to know it very well

Let us draw the curtain.

Act II—The Plot Thickens.

Rain, rain, rain,

On our cold gray walls, O sky!

And we would that our souls could utter

Their wrath at thy mournful eye.

Oh, well for the seventeen classes
That had clear weather before,
But the tender grace of a campus dry
Was refused to 1904.

Act III—A Highly Comic Interlude.

Rise and put on your gym suit. Let me see
You come forth like the Spring—the clock says three.
Come, banish Morpheus. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the rain will strew
Diamonds in abundance upon you.
There's not one Junior—all the college lazes—
That is got up and gone to bring in daisies.
A deal of Sophomores ere this is gone
Off to the fields, and come back laden home.
The tennis court is filled with Nineteen-Six,
Who weave and wind and twist and tie and mix
Again and yet again the lengthening chain,
And anxious ask, "How many feet remain?"
So while time serves, ere Sol his eyelids raises
Come, my Corinna, help with the daisies.

Act IV—After the Thunderbolt.

They are gone from the campus,
They are lost to the halls.
Like the rural migration,
They departed these walls.
To the chapel we brought them
Their degrees to obtain;
After chapel we sought them,
But our search was in vain.
Like knowledge at mid-years
Like iced tea in May
Like gym drills this spring
They are gone, and for aye.

FRANCES M. SIMPSON.

Sophomore Hockey

	1904	vs.	1906
CASE (Capt.)	C. F.	RICHARDSON (Capt.)	C. F.
WADE	R. I.	HOUGHTON	R. I.
VAN WAGENEN	R. W.	THOMAS (Ford)	R. W.
WOOD	L. I.	KINGSBACHER	L. I.
PPAFF	L. W.	WADE	L. W.
CRISWELL	R. H.	BULLOCK	R. H.
PECK	C. H.	WHITE	C. H.
PETERS	L. H.	NEALL (Neilson)	L. H.
MACGRUDER	R. F. B.	HARRINGTON	R. F. B.
CANON	L. F. B.	EVANS	L. F. B.
EHLERS	Goal	RAWSON,	Goal.

November 2—Won by 1906—score 3-0.

November 4—Won by 1906—score 7-1.

	1905	vs.	1906.
HAVEMEYER (Capt.)	C. F.	RICHARDSON (Capt.)	C. F.
LEFEVRE	R. I.	HOUGHTON	R. I.
MARSHALL	R. W.	THOMAS	R. W.
LITTLE	L. I.	KINGSBACHER	L. I.
KEMPTON	L. W.	WADE	L. W.
LONGSTRETH	R. H.	BULLOCK	R. H.
DENISON	C. H.	WHITE	C. H.
MASON	L. H.	NEALL	L. H.
MEIGS	R. F. B.	HARRINGTON	R. F. B.
STURGIS	L. F. B.	EVANS	L. F. B.
ARMSTRONG,	Goal.	RAWSON,	Goal.

November 9—Tie—score 1-1.

November 11—Won by 1906—score 3-1.

November 13—Won by 1905—score 1-3.

November 23—Tie.

November 24—Won by 1905—score 0-1.

Sophomore Basketball

1907		vs.	1906.
BULLIVANT (Capt.)	H.	HEWITT (Capt.)	G.
HAWKINS	R. F.	H. SMITH	L. B.
WARREN	L. F.	WHITE	R. B.
WILLIAMS	C. C.	RICHARDSON	C. C.
BRANDEIS	R. C.	EVANS	L. C.
WARDWELL	L. C.	BULLOCK	R. C.
AUGUR	G.	HOUGHTON	H.
SWEET	R. B.	LAUTERBACH	L. F.
HUTCHINS	L. B.	HARRINGTON	R. F.

May 2—Won by 1906—score 3-0.

May 4—Won by 1906—score 2-0.

1905		vs.	1906.
MARSHALL (Capt.)	H.	HEWITT, (Capt.)	G.
DENISON	R. F.	SMITH	L. B.
HALL	L. F.	WHITE	R. B.
MASON	C. C.	RICHARDSON	C. C.
KEMPTON	R. C.	EVANS	L. C.
THURSTON	L. C.	BULLOCK	R. C.
JAYNES	G.	HOUGHTON	H.
LYNDE	R. B.	LAUTERBACH	L. F.
McKEEN	L. B.	HARRINGTON	R. F.

May 9—Won by 1906—score 3-2.

May 11—Won by 1905—score 10-2.

May 13—Won by 1905—score 7-1.

Varsity Hockey

NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

Varsity vs. Merion Cricket Club, score

FORWARDS.

RICHARDSON (Havemeyer)
LITTLE

WADE

KINGSBACHER

MARSHALL

HALF-BACKS.

DENISON

WHITE
EHLERS, *Goal.*

PECK (Capt.) (Augur)

FULL-BACKS.

STURGIS (Peters)

HARRINGTON



Calendar of Sophomore Year

- October 10, "D'Arcy of the Guards."
November 2-24, Match games in hockey.
November 20, Philosophical Club, Address by Mr. Hyslop on "Psychic Research."
November 21, Varsity game vs. Merion Cricket Club won by Varsity, 5-0.
December 4, 1906 hockey team to 1905 team Dance in the gym.
December 7, William Butler Yeats on the "Revival of Celtic Literature."
January 15, College Reception.
January 25, February 5, Mid-years.
February 5, Barrett Wendell on "Puritanism."
February 12, Philosophical Club Dr. Leuba on "Ecstasy."
March 3, Entertainment by Students Bld. Committee in the gym.
March 7, Mrs. Berenson on "The New Art Criticism."
March 11, Founder's Lecture. Mr. Grubbs on "The Influence of Quakerism in Christian Ethics."
March 22, Mr. Talcott Williams on "Issues of International Law in Russia-Japanese War."
March 23, Gym Contest, 1906 vs. 1907—won by 1906.
March 28, Gym Contest, 1906 vs. 1904—won by 1904.
March 25, "A Peep at Bryn Mawr College, 2002."
March 26, Debate between Bryn Mawr Law Club and New York University Law School. Won by Bryn Mawr.
April 15, Glee Club Concert.
April 16, 1907's Freshman Play to 1906.
April 22, Philosophical Club, Mr. Hammond on "Influence of Socrates on Modern Thought."
May 1, May-day celebration at 5 A. M.

May 6, Class Supper.

May 7, 1905's Junior-Senior Supper Play, "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

May 2-13, Match games in basket-ball.

May 18-28, Finals.

May 29, Baccalaureate sermon preached by Dr. Hyde.

May 30, Ben Greet Players in "The Star of Bethlehem," on the campus.

June 1, College Breakfast.

June 2, Commencement.

Junior Year



Class Officers

President—LUCIA OSBORNE FORD.
Vice-President and Treasurer—ELSIE BIGLOW.
Secretary—FRANCES M. SIMPSON.

Offices Held by the Class

Christian Union—*Treasurer*, ESTHER M. WHITE.
Bryn Mawr League—*President*, PHOEBE CROSBY.
Self-Government Association—*Executive Board*: LUCIA FORD, ANNA MACCLANAHAN; *Advisory Board*: ESTHER WHITE, ADELAIDE NEALL, ETHEL BULLOCK; *Secretary*, ELSIE BIGLOW; *Treasurer*, FRANCES SIMPSON.
Undergraduate Association—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, MARION HOUGHTON; *Secretary*, ANNA MACCLANAHAN.
Athletic Association—*Secretary*, ESTHER WHITE; *Out-door Manager*, JESSIE HEWITT.
The Lantern—*Editor*, JANET THORNTON; *Business Manager*, MARY WITHINGTON.
Typn o' Bob—*Editors*, GLADYS CHANDLER, ADELAIDE NEALL; *Business Manager*, ESTHER WHITE.
De Rebus Club—*Secretary*, MARION HOUGHTON.
Philosophical Club—*President*, MARION HOUGHTON.
Glee Club—*Manager*, LUCIA FORD.
College Settlement Association—*Vice Elector and Treasurer*, VIRGINIA ROBINSON.
Conference Committee—ELSIE BIGLOW.
Trophy Club—*Secretary*, ANNA MACCLANAHAN.
English Club—HELEN LOWENGRUND, GLADYS CHANDLER.

The Peace Conference



E heard, with no little excitement, that the much-talked-of "Peace Conference" was really coming to Bryn Mawr, and naturally those of us who were chosen to show these celebrated personages around the College were elated above the ordinary. The grand day arrived and on our way to the Deanery I could hear some of my companions rehearsing the bits of information with which they were to delight these famous visitors. "Tell me, quickly," said one, seizing my right arm, "was the College founded in 1689 or 1789, and who founded it; did Miss Thomas, or was she only in the first class?" At the same time a voice on my left was distractedly saying, "I never thought to ask before this moment, but do the Faculty have self-government, or are they absolutely under the Faculty Rules?" By this time we had reached the Deanery and were ushered into a sitting-room, where President Thomas soon appeared, followed by the Peacemakers who were to start immediately on their tour of inspection. Introductions took place, and several little groups had already been safely launched when President Thomas' voice suddenly arose, with a note of anxiety in it: "Does any one here speak French," she was asking, "for the Spanish and Italian delegates do not know English?" A few hunted looking Seniors tried to appear unconscious and to pretend that they hadn't heard; some underclass men were near me, apparently feeling that the responsibility lay entirely upon them to uphold the reputation of Bryn Mawr, began nervously muttering to themselves, "*je vous aime de tout mon coeur*," "*le la les*," "*il a mal a la tete*," in hopes of convincing themselves of their fitness for the task. I, meantime, was making my way to where President Thomas was standing. Here was my chance at last to display my knowledge of this foreign language without waiting for Senior Year. I felt entirely equal to the undertaking, even after hearing the names of my charges, which neither Miss Thomas nor I seemed at all capable of mastering. My serenity was slightly troubled when the impetuous Italian dignitary insisted on seizing my hand in both of his, shaking it violently all the way from the Deanery to Rockefeller, during which trip I was painfully conscious of the eyes of my friends watching to see us pass. However, I managed to keep up what seemed to me a very easy and idiomatic flow of conversation. I was surprised that these two delegates were not more familiar with French for I was obliged very often to repeat a remark as many as four times, and even then they often remained apparently doubtful of the meaning of my words. I remember perfectly well that in the midst of a description of our system of self-government they both threw up their hands in horror and seemed to beg me to stop, repeating

again and again, "*Je ne comprends pas.*" Isn't it just like foreigners not to understand our ideal of "women's education;" but to be unwilling to listen to it seemed to me narrow to a degree. As I was about to usher my eager companions into one of the show suites in Rockefeller, another party was just coming out, and I heard the girl who was leading it say impressively, "Yes, indeed, this hall has all the newest advantages; here, for instance, is a bathtub for three girls. I was more than ever grateful for my delegates' ignorance of English. The eagerness of my Italian and Spaniard to see and know all, was at times almost painful; not a door or closet which they did not wish to investigate, so that I was kept continually on the lookout. One suite I remember we went into, and from a subdued buzz of voices issuing from behind the door leading into the bedroom, I decided that the latter was not open for inspection; however, according to his custom, my Italian friend tripped gayly across the room and before I could say a word, had thrown open the door. The scene that met his stunned gaze I leave to the imagination, but I remember how neatly I got out of the dilemma, saying with calmness, "*Ses se dresses pour vous poursuivre.*" I don't believe he understood for he ran hurriedly out of the room, and the Spaniard and I had some trouble in finding him again in the crowd; but one thing I noticed and that was that his ardor for looking behind closed doors seemed entirely to have vanished. During the rest of our tour we had many other experiences, I all the time keeping up an entertaining conversation. I talked to them of many things, of athletics where I described hockey in these words, "*Nous chasons un bal sur la grasse verte,*" whereupon one of my charges ejaculated "*quel horreur,*" which was just another proof of how incapable foreigners are of understanding the life in our women's colleges. When I felt that I had done justice to our venerable College, and the time was drawing near for the meeting which was to take place in the Chapel, we made our way back to Taylor where some of the other parties were already assembled. I was surprised to see my two companions draw aside, talking excitedly, each seemed to be trying to make the other say something to me, and from their actions I could see that neither of them was willing to deprive the other one of the pleasure of showing me this little courtesy. The Italian at last came forward, looking strangely embarrassed, later I understood the reason, when it turned out that they had put together a little English sentence; I suppose it was a tribute to my native language, I can't imagine any other reason. In a high, weak voice the Italian stammered forth, "I admire ze Americaine girl. She try to speak French when she cannot." I think that if the practice of orals were introduced in foreign countries they would at least have a fair appreciation of the French language.

ADELAIDE W. NEALL.

"The Japanese Nightingale"

We'd had our own opinion of the class of naughty six,
We'd seen it put to test in many ways;
But 'twas something of a staggerer, I think we'll all confess,
To prepare a play entire in just two days.
Till the wee hours of morning they cut it and revise it,
Cast and committees appointed in a whirl;
There's no time for study, for lectures or for quizzes;
It's work, and a-plenty for every single girl.
Off to the city rush the Program Committee,
For Japanese fancies search shops by the score;
Triumphant, though weary, at last they have found them,
And haste back to college as never before.
Then it's print them, and print them, till ink bestained fingers
Refuse to make a single letter more.
Gay garlands are growing 'neath swift busy fingers,
Not a girl of naught six is left at her ease;
From West comes a heavy thud, oftentimes repeated—
Louise just rehearsing her faint, if you please.
Lucia meanwhile is off to the city,
Learning in haste dainty steps Japanese,
Cramming lines of the play like a true exam. day,
The cast learn their parts like a breeze.
Pink-cheeked with excitement, but dark-eyed and weary,
Down in the dungeons of Rock how they rush!
There's no need of good painters—they're all of them experts
In stirring with fingers that calcimine mush.
Mixing and stirring, outlining and blurring,
Patiently painting one line kneel below,
Bamboos and blossoms, pagoda and streams—
Mountains to give a true Japanese dreams.

In the Gym see them then
 Hurry! bustle! hustle!
 Adelaide brings hoops and twine
 "Help me make a moon divine."
 Tack it, tie it, pull it 'round,
 On your thumb the hammer pound.
 Ouch! paste the silver moonlight fast,
 Nail the box on. "done at last!"
 S-Sh! Rehearsal's going—
 String the lanterns, hang them high—
 Bring the treasures friends supply—
 Some one's tea-set from Japan,
 Pictures, costumes, all you can.
 Everything the genuine, real true Japanese
 Bring your own, or others' best,
 We must make it a success.
 Build secure the summer house,
 Shall the roof be peaked or flat?
 Hang the lanterns, now look out,
 Isn't it a merry rout!
 All the maids of 1906 in kimonos flit about,
 Lucia robed in garments fair,
 With her eyes all darkened there;
 Lips as red as poppies.
 Phoebe, hero always fine, wooing Geisha heroine;
 Wailing mother, fainting brother,
 Yuki dancing to and fro, Freshman so delighted, "Oh!
 The pagoda's falling! Whoa! Clutch the poles behind,
 Pull now, steady, there that's best."
 Aching fingers crave for rest.
 If that curtain doesn't fall,
 This thing will, and spoil it all.
 Yuki's trials safely done, love and lover all well won.
 Now the banner comes.
 The crescent moon in heaven hangs low,
 Lucia leaning in the bow, like a certain add. we know

While sweet voices sing.
 Tired to death all nineteen six,
 Weary, worn with care;
 Let the things go for tonight
 Put them anywhere.
 We'd had our own opinion of the powers of naught six,
 We'd seen it put to test in many ways.
 But there was not one among us did not think that we were bricks,
 When we got that play put through in just two days.

ALICE COLGAN.



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Henry James at Bryn Mawr

"On Thursday evening, January 19, Mr. Henry James spoke in the chapel on 'The Lesson of Balzac.'"

—January number of *Tipyn-o' bob*

Like the man in Mr. James' brother's *Psychology* (see page 225) who will "poke up the fire, set chairs straight, arrange his table, snatch up the newspaper, anything, in short, to escape from the matter in hand," Mr. James also poked up George Sand, set Jane Austen straight, arranged the Brontës, snatched up George Eliot, anybody, in short, before he approached the Balzac in hand. These avenues to his theme were, however, well worth traveling, and so full of interesting bits that one arrived at the subject itself fairly sated with the good things with which one had been regaled on the way. If quantity and intensity were characteristic of Balzac, they were likewise characteristic of Mr. James—especially the quantity. Which one of the English Readers was it who whispered audibly, "Mass, my dear, but quite lacking in Unity or Coherence, you know!" The "variety of amplification and the luxuriance of phrase" were too much for most of us, but some one recovered in time to write the lecture up for the February number of *Tip*, which the rest of us consulted to see what it had all been about. From this article I quote a sentence, obscure in meaning heretofore, but now, in the light of a discovery only recently made, of weighty and indubitable import. "Henry James," says the review in the February *Tip*, "has left us much else that is as interesting as his consideration of Balzac." To what should this refer? What, indeed, but—

The Episode of the Prophet's Chamber

One morning about seven o'clock, during Mr. James' visit to Bryn Mawr, he poked his head out of the "Prophet's Chamber" in Rockefeller to take in the boots over which Gladys had stumbled the night before in a vain attempt to walk in his footsteps, and accosted a harmless chambermaid with the demand that she should have sent up "immeejitly" all of the cold water possible. Mystified Matilda delivered this message to Miss Wyckoff and a consultation was held. "Ah!" said Miss Wyckoff, remembering the "Social Gulf," "he wants it for a bath, of course. Go up and tell Mr. James there is a bath opening out of his dressing room, with hot and cold water both." Exit Matilda to enlighten the author of "The Golden Bowl." A few minutes later, enter Matilda. "He said there was a bath, but the water's hot, hot, he wants cold water!" Wondering what could have

happened to the cold water supply in Mr. James' bathtub, Miss Wyckoff sought out Thomas, bade him invade the "Prophet's Chamber" and find out why the water was "hot, hot." The tub was steaming when Thomas entered, and water was still pouring from the faucet labeled HOT. And then Mr. James had to look on in helpless silence while the discreet Thomas turned this off, let out the hot water, turned on the faucet labeled COLD, and left the greatest of modern novelists to his chilly reflections. "That fellow," explained Thomas downstairs, "didn't know enough to turn on the cold water!"

Thence it was that the February Tip remarked wittily, "Accordingly, in retrospect, the occasion of Mr. James' lecture at Bryn Mawr seems even more memorable than it had seemed in prospect." But——, what we all want to know is this: was this episode on the first or the second morning?

MARIAM LOUISE COFFIN.



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The Grocery Shop

During the summer before Junior year we heard rumors about a wonderful Bryn Mawr College Grocery Shop to be started in the Autumn, and we cogitated as to whether this were anything more than a myth. When we came back in the Fall, however, we discovered the new prodigy actually in our midst.

The grocery shop at that date only deserved the title of a potential reality, for many a dark, untrodden Rockefeller basement passageway must be traversed, many a refractory cover removed from mysterious boxes, many a wounded finger hastily bound up, and many a shelf scaled before the shop could be said to exist in its full glory. What fun it was, generally, to clerk and pass butter thins and condensed milk over the counter to would-not-be-buyers. Between whiles we could investigate the never-to-be-fathomed mysteries of the ice box, and ponder why it was that the butter was nearly always out, or else supplied in such quantities that the bottom of the box collapsed under the strain. These and other problems were of general interest, but there were adventures no less thrilling to the few concerned. Some for instance, can recall one awful afternoon spent in vain endeavor to dislodge a large gray cat from his perch on the ornamental pipe that runs along the ceiling of the shop. This cat had been introduced into the shop to discourage the mice from holding nightly banquets with our supplies, but we were so thankful to see the cat depart that the ravages of the mice were forgotten.

So the shop flourished in spite of drawbacks. People would still take the Rockefeller basement fire-axe as a tool for opening boxes; even the threatened fine of \$5.00 did not deter their zeal. The fruit ran out, that is, the supply did; no amount of well-directed effort could restrain such behavior on its part. And it was a peculiar propensity of the Suchard Chocolate Company that they should deliver a large crate of their wares to the room of the distracted manager, thus necessitating frequent hurried trips across the campus, laden with packages of the delicacy carefully stored in one's friend's waste-basket.

Such trivialities were forgotten, however, when Miss Thomas dubbed the shop "the paying industry of Rockefeller basement," though we were not prepared for the sequel of this remark, which appeared in a demand for \$50 a year rent.

Now, in the days of our prosperity, our orders are solicited. Lean and fat agents—agents short and agents tall, agents laden down with dress-suit cases varying in size and hue from the portentous black object containing Heinz' 57 varieties, to the modest article which serves to transport Cailler's chocolate—invite our inspection of their wares.

We venture to affirm, therefore, that the grocery shop, though less of a novelty, is as much of a success as in the days of its early youth, and that its glory will not wane despite the dire prophecy that "1906 couldn't possibly have such enormous appetites as 1905."

ANNA E. MAC CLANAHAN



Junior Senior Supper Play

1906 to 1905

Sainte Jeanne La Pucelle

The Players and Cast

Messenger	Phoebe Crosby.
Jeanne d'Arc	Lucia Ford.
Isabeau Roimée, Jeanne's mother	Josephine Katzenstein
Jacques d'Arc, Jeanne's father	Helen Wyeth.
Pierre, brother to Jeanne	Ruth Archbald.
Margot, sister to Jeanne	Marion Houghton
Edmond Aubrey, Maire of Domremy	Marion Mudge
Etienne Morelle, the bird of passage	Adelaide Neall.
Charles the Dauphin	Ethel Bullock
Dunois	Jessie Hewitt.
Court fool	Ruth Archbald
Archbishop of Rheims	Frances Simpson.
Doctor of Physic	Maria Smith.
Peddler of Relics	Mary Withington.
Bishop of Beauvais	Anna Mac Clanahan.
Archangel Michael	Helen Smith.

Court-Ladies, Courtiers, Knights,
Pages, Priests, Peasants, Clerks.

The Places

- Act I—Jeanne's Home in Domremy.
Act II—The Palace at Chinon.
Act III—The Cathedral at Rheims.
Act IV—The Market-place of Rouen.

Given at
Bryn Mawr College
on
Friday, May 12, 1905.

Written by
Helen Moss Lowengrund.
Presented by
Anna E. Mac Clanahan.

Sainte Jeanne La Pucelle

Junior Senior Supper—how many incidents and emotions, humorous and solemn, does that name recall! The long period of preparation perhaps first flashes across our minds, and the enthusiasm of that first class meeting when we agreed that we should have an original play all our own from start to finish, and again when Helen Lowengrund delighted us with the completed first act, and week by week in turn brought the others. We remember also how we revelled in old costumes, how the well-worn copy of *Boutet de Monvel* was smuggled from room to room to furnish models, and tucked under the window cushions or in bureau drawers to escape the suspicious eyes of 1905. Who does not recollect—for we all took turns at it—the many funny experiences connected with decorations and scenery? Once it was Mariam Coffin, who, wrestling all morning with Philadelphia topography, despairing but faithful, followed the directions of a burly policeman to a certain paint-shop to be told, "But, madame, you have been here for calcimine twice already this morning!" Once it was a small, meek member of the class who ordered three hundred yards of cheese-cloth and uncalculated quantities of canvas, and was asked by the astounded salesman as he lowered two huge bolts of the latter, "The dime-museum around the corner uses this here kind, Miss, and Forepaugh's uses this kind—which did you say *you* would have?"

Who also whenever she went to the grocery-shop in after-time did not have a sinking feeling at the heart that she ought to turn into the next room and paint scenery? Oh, the messes of calcimine that we mixed, trailing back and forth to the sink and dripping it over everything, Ethel Bullock's hair incidentally! Oh, the refractory black carriage paint that always caused a break in our forces! But there were moments, however, when the gloom was lightened by some flash of inspiration—the stone chimney-piece, the window boxes, the little vegetable stand with its painted fruit.

There was, too, the round of rehearsals, with the usual dead-weight of despair at the last. Finally in a maze of excitement came that sudden cessation from our hurry, that quiet pause for a moment just before our guests arrived, when we walked about looking at the long white tables stretching down the gym. under the yellow and white roof, giving last touches to their festive loads of pansies, bonbons, and programs; when we admired curiously each other's costumes and could not touch our own faces lest we spoiled our newly-made mustachioes.

Then there came a sudden flinging open of the doors and pouring in of our expected guests, and cheering. Then together the play and the supper moved on without hitch or halt, all of us living over again the lovely old story of the peasant-saint which has since then seemed in a way peculiarly our own. Phoebe Crosby's effective speaking of the pretty verses of the prologues charmed all. Our heroine could not have been surpassed. The plaintive tones of the old mother, the sweet songs of the minstrel, Dunois, Charles, Margot, all, were excellent; Ruth Archbald, also, who made lightening shifts of costume to keep up with her Proteus-like changes of character. And then when the last tableau was over, a solemn feeling settled over us all, while Lucia Ford, wearing Jeanne's simple brown kirtled frock and a wreath of green leaves in her loose hair, carried the loving-cup from one to another until the last sip had been taken and the last "Long may she live and thrive" had been sung.

GLADYS WINTHROP CHANDLER.





In Memoriam

Mary Helen Ritchie

1872 ————— 1905

Bryn Mawr College, Class of '96

How We Won the Championship

This is the kind of thing one should never attempt to describe—it happens, it is over. So vivid in memory is it that it can never live on paper. But a power not myself compels. Hence:

We began the season in 1905 with fifteen players from whom to choose an eighteen, eleven of the fifteen had played before. From these we were to choose a nine. Facts, as they often do, stared us in the face. The other teams started out briskly with what seemed to us an infinite amount of material. We didn't think much about the championship at first. One day, however, we heard a casual remark on the campus, "Poor 1906, they haven't any material; I wonder if they'll get into the finals." We didn't wonder, we knew, we had decided. And with the decision came a desire for the championship, a desire which had come to us every spring, but came this spring with a most cogent force behind it. We did not expect the championship, we only knew that it had to be. Practise games slipped by. We didn't train much and, keen for the fray, entered upon the match games. 1907 gave us good practise for the finals, better than they had ever given us before. Our playing was characterized by fouls. In one game with 1907, twenty-six fouls were called on 1906. I don't know how many more we made. Thanks to the diligence and loving scrutiny of the umpires in these games, fouls were more or less eradicated from our play by the time we reached the finals.

What is the use of speaking of the finals with 1905? We all remember them so clearly that words are superfluous. The first game ended gloriously albeit somewhat chaotically, in a pouring rain, with the over-excited crowd streaming across the field. None of the players could stand up, no one could hold the ball, everything was mud and slime. A fluke might have turned the game the wrong way; none occurred.

This victory did not elate us unduly, as we had always won the first game from 1905. On the contrary we became very cautious. Days elapsed before the second game. It happened. A wild game of plunges into the mouths of kodaks gaping on the side lines, a game of piling Pelion on Ossa, as it were, a game of few goals thrown in absolute silence, a tense primæval game. 1905 played its best, so did we. You know the result. Our satisfaction was dimmed only by the fact that 1905 played without its Captain, their best forward. But there was joy in the camp still.

A championship still to be won seems impossible, once won, inevitable.

JESSIE G. HEWITT.



Junior Basketball

	1906	vs.	1907
NEALL	R. F.	KERR	L. B.
KATZENSTEIN	H.	SWEET	G.
HOUGHTON	L. F.	HUTCHINS (Capt.)	R. B.
LAUTERBACH	C. C.	WILLIAMS	C. C.
BULLOCK	R. C.	BROWNELL	L. C.
EVANS	L. C.	HILL	R. C.
WHITE	L. B.	HAWKINS	R. F.
HEWITT (Capt.)	G.	HOUGHTELING	H.
WADE	R. B.	WARREN	L. F.

May 8—Won by 1906—score 6-1.

May 10—Won by 1907—score 5-6.

May 12—Tie.

May 15—Won by 1906—score 14-4.

	1906.	vs.	1905.
KATZENSTEIN	H.	LYNDE	G.
HOUGHTON	L. F.	JAYNES	R. B.
NEALL	R. F.	McKEEN	L. C.
EVANS	L. C.	KEMPTON	R. C.
LAUTERBACH	C. C.	MASON	C. C.
BULLOCK	R. C.	THURSTON	L. C.
HEWITT (Capt.)	G.	MARSHALL (Capt.)	H.
WADE,	R. B.	SHIELDS	L. F.
WHITE	C. B.	DENISON	R. F.

May 18—Won by 1906—score 6-2.

May 20—Won by 1906—score 4-2.

Going A-Daisy-Picking in Junior Year

We might have slept ten minutes more, at least. That "might have been" was our bitter thought as we stood under the arch at six o'clock one June morning awaiting the wagon that was to take us to our daisy fields. Somehow, it was not one of those bright sunny mornings, one reads of, for there was a mist in the air, a chilly dampness that justified even such costumes as we wore. Gym suits, peculiarly suggestive of work and dirt, were everywhere. Some, skilfully hidden under coats and sweaters, showed only by a well-known expanse of neck, others by straggling ends of sailor collars yellowed by three years' use.

What pangs of envy tore us when Linda Lange cheerily described the good breakfast she and her friends had been eating! She had not, however, been out of college too long to know what our faces and exclamations meant, for in spite of our urging her (perhaps rather half-heartedly), not to bother, she disappeared into Pembroke East and soon returned with big handfuls of bread deliciously buttered. At the same time, the wagon appeared and we piled in regardless of numbers.

Then Lucia slapped the horse lustily with the reins and off we went, clattering merrily past Dalton, expecting every moment to be left on the roadside in a heap of splinters. However, we turned the corner in safety and started down the Gulf road lickety-split, until the wagon suddenly showed tendencies of going faster than the horse.

Needless to say, some of us suddenly preferred to walk, reaching the wet daisy field all too soon. In picking, some of the girls used their bare hands, others wore gloves and the more fortunate cut the stems politely with scissors, knives and even shears. Two sickles were particularly popular. They gave rise to a system of twosing, otherwise called "economy of labor," in which one girl did the cutting, the other the carrying. As we picked we stopped at times to compare, not the size of our bunches, but the amount of water in our shoes. I remember stamping my feet just to hear the delightful squashy gurgle and feel the water bubble over my feet. One girl after literally wringing her hands, very generously lent her left glove to a suffering picker, who having made her right hand struggle into it, went on picking as though she were the happiest of creatures.

Just as we were getting used to the clattering return of the wagon, with its appeal for more and still more daisies, the news came that the Sophomores were amply supplied and that we could go home. So wearily, but in a spirit of good fellowship, we climbed that interminable Gulf road, wringing our skirts and lifting our feet slowly and with the utmost precision. We reached the tennis court to see a bright daisy chain being carried across the campus—a sight that was the reward of our labor. LOUISE FLEISCHMAN.

Junior Hockey

	1906	vs.	1908
KATZENSTEIN	R. W.	HELBURN	L. W.
HOUGHTON	R. I.	MORRIS	L. I.
FORD	C. F.	WALLER	C. F.
LAUTERBACH	L. I.	GRIFFITH	R. I.
WADE	L. W.	McLANE	R. W.
NEALL	R. H.	COPELAND	L. H.
WHITE (Capt.)	C. H.	SHARPLESS Capt.)	C. H.
H. SMITH	L. H.	FOX	R. H.
HEWITT	R. B.	YOUNG	L. B.
BULLOCK	L. B.	SCHMIDT	R. B.
RAWSON,	Goal.	CADBURY,	Goal.

November 8—Won by 1906—score 6-3.

November 10—Won by 1906—score 5-0.

	1906	vs.	1905
WADE	L. W.	MARSHALL	R. W.
LAUTERBACH	L. I.	LITTLE	R. I.
FORD	C. F.	HAVEMEYER (Capt.)	C. F.
HOUGHTON	R. I.	PUTNAM	L. I.
KATZENSTEIN	R. W.	KEMPTON	L. W.
NEALL	R. H.	MASON	L. H.
WHITE (Capt.)	C. H.	DENISON	C. H.
H. SMITH	L. H.	MEIGS	R. H.
HEWITT	R. B.	STURGIS	L. B.
BULLOCK	L. B.	LONGSTRETH	R. B.
RAWSON,	Goal.	ARMSTRONG,	Goal.

November 21—Won by 1905—score 2-4.

November 28—Tie, score 1-1.

November 30—Won by 1905—score 1-3.

Varsity Hockey

November 19, 1904.

Varsity vs. Merion Cricket Club—Score 1-3.

FORWARDS.

MARSHALL

LITTLE (HOUGHTON)

HAVEMEYER

FORD

WADE

HALF-BACKS.

MEIGS (NEALL)

DENISON (Capt.)

WHITE

FULL-BACKS.

HEWITT

BULLOCK

ARMSTRONG, *Goal.*

Varsity Basketball

FORWARDS.

DENISON (Capt.)

HOUGHTON

KATZENSTEIN

CENTERS.

MASON

HAVEMEYER

EVANS

BACKS.

HEWITT

McKEEN

WADE

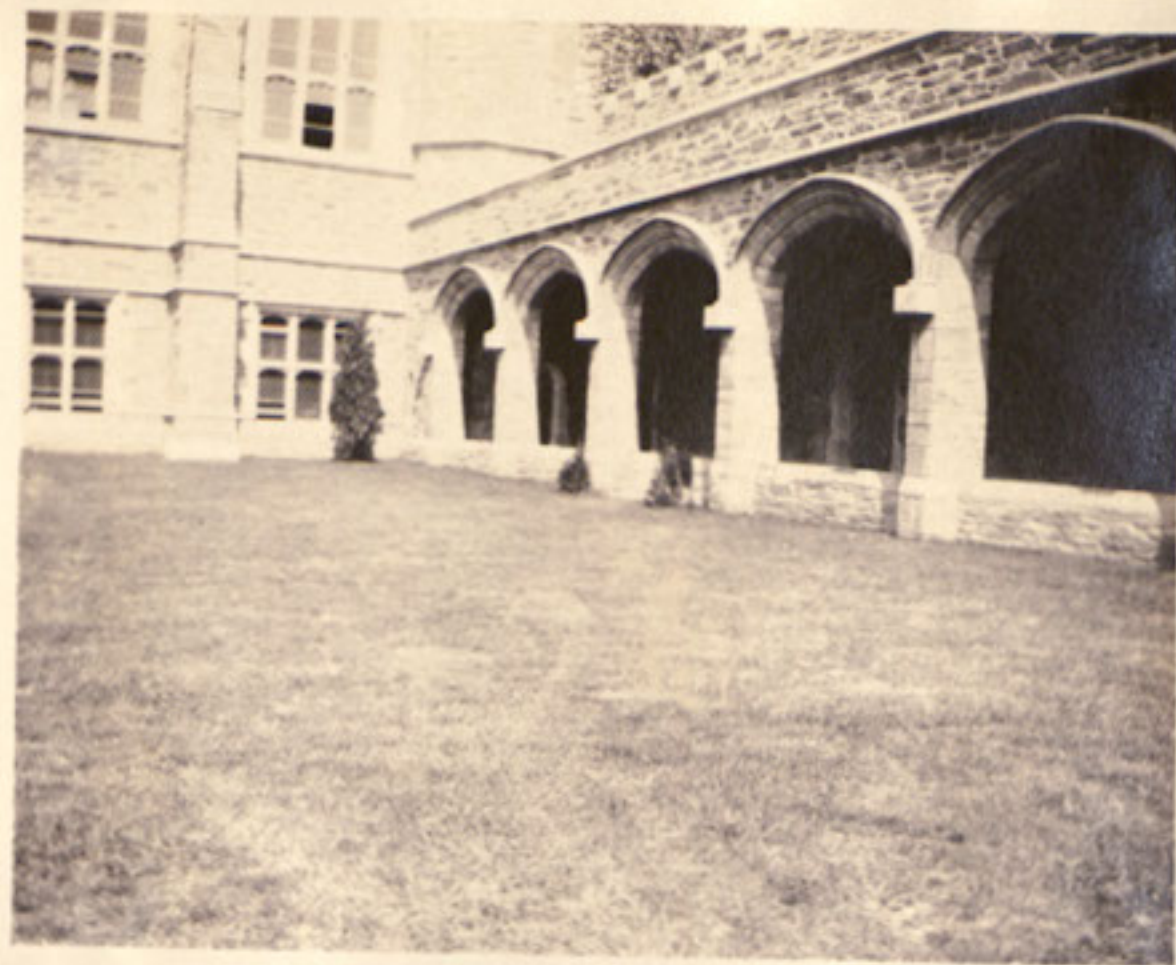
June 7—Varsity vs Alumnae—Varsity won, 16-1.

Calendar of Junior Year

October 14, Visit of the Peace Commission.
October 28, Oral Supper.
November 7, Mass Meeting for the Presidential election.
November 18, "The Japanese Nightingale."
November 19, Varsity hockey game vs. Merion Cricket Club.
November 21, Addresses by Pastor Charles Wagner and Pastor Koenig.
November 23-28, Thanksgiving vacation.
December 2, Mr. King's recital.
December 16, Dr. Shilly, of Cornell, addressed the Philosophical Club.
December 16, Dinner of the hockey twenty-two of 1908 to the hockey twenty-two of 1906.
December 22-January 6, Christmas vacation.
January 19, Lecture by Mr. Henry James on Balzac.
January 23, Lecture on "John Donne" by President Briggs, of Radcliffe.
January 21, Dr. Miller, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Club.
January 30-February 10, Mid-years.
March 9, Lecture of Mr. Bonaparte on "The New Woman as a College Graduate."
March 17, The Philosophical Club addressed by the Rev. E. A. Pace.
March 23, Mrs. Edwin D. Mead on "The End of International Duelling."
March 30, President Sharpless, of Haverford, gave the Founder's Lecture.
April 10, Address by Dr. T. E. Sandys, public orator of Cambridge.
April 15, Miss Wycherley gave three Irish plays by Yeats.
April 19-27, Easter vacation.
April 27, Mr. Allen Hollis addressed the Law Club.
April 29, Bal Masque of 1905 to 1906.
May 1, The "maudlin hymn" and May-pole dancing at 5 A. M.
May 5, Concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
May 12, Junior-Senior Supper.
June 5, 1904's tea to 1906.
June 7, Garden party.
June 8, Commencement.



4.10.15
1904



Senior Year





MLC

Clue Eddy Clara Smith
Gina Chandler



Belle Davis

MLC Smith Eddy
Chandler



MLC

M G C her mother

Class Officers

President—MARY T. RICHARDSON.

Vice-President and Treasurer—ELSIE BIGLOW.

Secretary—MARIA SMITH.

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government Association—*President*, LUCIA OSBORNE FORD; *Vice-President*, ANNA E. MACCLANAHAN; *Advisory Board*, CATHARINE L. ANDERSON, ETHEL S. BULLOCK.

Undergraduate Association—*President*, JESSIE G. HEWITT.

Athletic Association—*President*, C. ELIZABETH HARRINGTON; *Indoor manager*, JESSIE G. HEWITT (resigned); ADELAIDE W. NEALL.

Philosophical Club—*President*, MARION HOUGHTON (resigned); HELEN W. SMITH.

Law Club—*Vice-President*, ETHEL S. BULLOCK.

English Club—*President*, GLADYS CHANDLER (resigned); LOUISE CRUCE; *Members*, HELEN LOWENGRUND, JESSIE HEWITT, HELEN SANDERSON, HELEN SMITH.

The Lantern—*Treasurer*, LOUISE FLEISCHMANN.

Typn o' Bob—*Editor-in-chief*, GLADYS CHANDLER; *Managing Editor*, ADELAIDE NEALL; *Editor*, HELEN LOWENGRUND.

Christian Union—*President*, ESTHER WHITE (resigned); *Vice-President*, HELEN SMITH.

Bryn Mawr League—*President*, PHOEBE CROSBY (resigned).

Glee Club—*Leader*, LUCIA O. FORD.

Mandolin Club—*Leader*, ANNA MCANULTY.

Trophy Club—*President*, ANNA E. MACCLANAHAN.

Grocery Shop—ANNA E. MACCLANAHAN.

Book Shop—ESTHER M. WHITE.



Orals



ALF a square, half a square,
Half a square onward,
All in the valley of Death
Totter'd our fifty.
"Forward, our Light Brigade!"
Each to the other said,
Into the valley of Death
Totter'd our fifty.

"Forward, our Light Brigade!"
Was there one not dismay'd,
E'en tho' she with her French
Ever was thrifty?
Hers not to make reply;
Hers not to reason why;
Hers but to look and die.
Into the valley of Death
Totter'd our fifty.

Carey to right of us,
Brownie to left of us,
Foulet in front of us,—
Volley'd and thunder'd,
Storm'd at with *qu'est-ce que c'est?*
Voulez-vous repeter?
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the den of prey,
Fell our half hundred.

Weeping we tear our hair,
Flooding the pages there,
Looking in dumb despair,
Gasping for breath, the while
All the *Three* wonder'd;
Plung'd in a paragraph,
Brought forth a stifled laugh;
Baffled and senseless.
Reel'd we and stagger'd half,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Beaten and sorely press'd,
Fall our half hundred.

Kohler to right of us,
Bascom to left of us,
Collitz in front of us,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
Storm'd at with *Was?* and *Wie?*
Till look and all hope fell,
We that had work'd so well
Pass'd thro' the jaws of Death,
Back to the chapel cell,—
All that was left of us,
Of our half hundred.

When can our great shame fade!
O the wild effort made!
All the *Three* wonder'd.
Pity the charge we made,
Pity our Light Brigade,
Fallen half hundred!

JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN.

Hockey Championship—Senior Year

In the first place we had always talked of winning the Championship, with bated breath to be sure, but talked of it, wished for it, dreamed of it, played for it; and like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp it had always just eluded our grasp. Now here was our last chance. We had either to win this time or give up for good.

Practice had gone fairly well in the fall. We had again with us some of our good old stand-bys and we felt a little more confidence in the men behind the sticks. But as teams will do, we fell into a slump and we walked about for days with long, miserable faces and talked together in whispers of how we knew we really could—but what if we shouldn't! Miss Applebee scolded and coached and we tried our best, but even a few days before the match games we felt like Freshmen once more as we all madly cavorted over the field, sending our sticks high above our shoulders, shooting the ball straight into the enemy, and playing anywhere but in our right positions. Then, however, the usual spirit of 1906 came to the rescue. We began to show signs of improvement and we even told each other that we might win *one* game.

At last the fatal time arrived. We drew 1909, and played our first game on Wednesday, November eighth. Both teams were plainly nervous; 1909 with the new feeling of their first match game and 1906 with fear of the results. It was rather a bad game on the whole, but we managed to come out ahead with three goals to our credit and one to 1909's. We had won the first game but we knew we had played badly and could do better. So with determination on our faces we again met 1909 on the following Friday. This time we showed we really were made of the right sort if it would only come out. 1909 put up a good stiff fight but we again saved the day with a score of 7-0.

We were not satisfied yet. We felt that we were not doing our best and we were almost afraid our best had left us forever. So we scolded one another and consulted one another and resolved anew that this time our playing should be worth while. The next Monday proved a good cold day and we trotted on the field to meet 1908 in the finals, feeling distinctly more nervous than on the preceding week, but also more determined. This time the spirit that is best within us, which we knew was not dead but merely asleep, woke up, and all our faces gradually brightened as we felt again that confidence in the neat, quick passes of the forward line and pride at the mighty hit of our fullbacks and goal. Our game was decidedly on. After numerous exchanges of the ball and some hard fighting on both sides, the game ended 6-2 in our favor.

The last game, however, was the best of all. The field was in fine condition and we felt that we had ourselves in hand. At 4.15 the whistle blew and we ran on to meet once more our little friends, the Class of 1908. The playing was fast and true and the grin of 1906 perceptibly broadened as those nifty passes of Mary's and Grace Wade's shot over the field and our invincible Jessie stopped everything that came in her path. Again Fate was kind and time was called with the score standing 6-1 in our favor. As the cheering sounded through the air, we realized that at last the Championship was ours and with quiet satisfaction written on our faces and sticking out from every cranny we walked up the hill and hoisted the banner on the Gym. Thus, we left the field of battle, tired, and scarred, but knowing that, though never again as the Class of 1906 would we play Hockey, we were victorious.

ESTHER MARY WHITE.



Senior Hockey

C. F., Richardson
R. I., Thomas
R. W., Katzenstein
L. I., Ford
L. W., Wade
R. H., Delano
C. H., White (captain)
L. H., Neall
R. F. B., Hewitt
L. F. B., Bullock
Goal., Rawson

November 8—1906 *vs.* 1909—3-1
November 10—1906 *vs.* 1909—7-0
November 13—1906 *vs.* 1908—7-3
November 14—1906 *vs.* 1908—5-1

Varsity Hockey

C. F., Richardson
R. I., Hill
R. W., Woerishoffer (Storrs)
L. I., Ford
L. W., Brownell (sub.)
R. H., Hutchins
C. H., Williams
L. H., White (captain)
R. F. B., Hewitt
L. F. B., Vauclain (Bullock)
Goal, Rawson

November 3—Alumnæ *vs.* Varsity, 5-1
December 5—Varsity *vs.* Belmont, 3-1
December 6—Varsity *vs.* Wissahickon, 4-3

Class Teas

"Are you going to class tea?"

"Maybe."

"Oh, the food's great; there are four kinds of sandwiches, nut, lettuce, oh, good ones! I had six—there are plenty; do go."

This is the praise which each hall receives after each girl has sliced bread and the tips of her fingers till she felt sure no mortal could eat more; yet when she counted she soon discovered there were but sixty sandwiches, and when she cut them in two she knew they were so hopelessly small she couldn't possibly fool the wise class of 1906.

Often little tragedies, too, precede these glorious teas. Once Pem. East determined to regale its classmates on iced tea. Cracking the ice necessarily grew to be rather difficult, till one wise person decided the fire hatchet would be suitable for the purpose. All went well till the unseemly noise drew Miss Thomas to the door. She mildly informed the delinquents that five dollars would be a proper sum for the use of the article. She was about to add a little more in payment for the two shades which had fallen down, but the sight of some bright yellow liquid which everyone assured her was "delicious mayonnaise" frightened her so that she retreated.

After these minor difficulties comes the tea, and that is a glorious function! A few of our stylish classmates array themselves in their best, to watch their guests come in, to shake hands with each one at least four times. The hostess not being found, the guests have been seen shaking hands with each other so that they may get to the really essential part of the tea, which is drinking two cups of the delicious beverage, grabbing two sandwiches in either hand, shaking hands again, chasing for gym just as fast as possible.

When some happy mortal doesn't have five committee meetings and twelve other things to do at that same moment, but has a free minute, she certainly does enjoy going to class tea. Basking in the brilliant glow of the rest of 1906, she realizes that she's glad she's a Senior, if only that she may be allowed to spend such happy Wednesdays.

ALICE LAUTERBACH.



A Modern Triumph

On the morning of March 16, "senatus triumphum decrevit" at Bryn Mawr, or, to put it more technically, the European Fellowship was awarded. Straightway on the evening of that same day, the class of 1906 hastened to celebrate. Into Denbigh, the traditional scene of such festivities, strode the warriors who had fought together in the four years' battle, at their head the conquering hero and the nine attendant worthies.

Certain great personages had assembled to witness the celebration. "Minnie" was there and recounted again the glorious deeds of the hero. "So hours High Credit"—surely a cause for rejoicing. She told of the fates that came to the victors and as visible token of honor, bestowed on the fellow a watch and chain.

Meantime the feast began, and with true Roman eloquence the master of the Triumph delivered an oration. Such sentiments as

"We come to praise the European Fellow, not to blame her" or

"For Minnie is a most remarkable woman," drew forth prolonged applause.

The speech of a learned philosopher came next, distinguished for that conciseness of thought and precision of word which is peculiarly adapted to the expression of the intricacies of philosophical reasoning.

Two foreigners graced the feast; they were of the race which put an end to the triumphs of the Romans (and almost to ours). Herr Collitz rose first; him, all the assembled warriors had met in pitched battle. At last we saw how to read German. Herr Jessen succeeded—he of the military bearing, and the cane. Most inspiringly (for those who understood him) he read in his native language heroic odes which brought tears into—his own eyes.

Anon came another—A Latin by profession, a Frank by name—nonchalant, quick-witted, jest-loving Tenny—a *la* Clough, with much rumpling of hair and facial contortion, he explained that, after all, "*crotatis oris ales*" of Ovid, was only a common rooster.

Last came a literary man, friend of the poets. He had done much to bring about those "80 High Credits." With deep emotion he read one of the early efforts of the hero, a sweet youthful effusion; praised *la vie laborieuse*, which had made possible the victory, and, with his characteristic fondness for the society of great men begged for an interview after the celebration.

But triumphs, like all good things, must have an ending. And so after dumb-shows and dancing, mingled with the loud hurrahs of the multitude, the warriors departed to begin anew their battles. *Vivant victores.*



Esther White - Standing -



at
in
firm
any



H. M. Longueville - Taylor



a
Hood

in
gates

a
Futterloch.

Mr. Richardson



E. White

a
made

R. Archibald

Sue 1
Belton Ford



MARGARET H. COYLE.

H. W. Smith



Wm. Richardson



B. May Chandler Miss D. Shaw M.C.
C. Smith

Our Last Game of Hockey

As a fitting climax to our last efforts in hockey, to show the superb adaptability of our team to any position, we played our final game with positions reversed. For some strange reason the sight thereof provoked merriment.

Stalwart Mary Richardson, accustomed as she always was to the centre of the fray, stood champing at the bit between the goal posts at the far end of the field—no one was even within speaking distance. Her place in the forward line was filled by our plump mate Marjorie Rawson, who with short legs and shorter wind was ambling up and down the field in careful pursuit of the ball, though seldom hitting much—but ankles and the air. The spectacular full-back, Miss Hewitt, was scarcely an improvement as left wing. The spirit and fire of her old game still remained, but her wind was short—she sprinted madly in any part of the field but where the ball was.

Energetic Susan, accustomed to real action on the field in the half-back line, became quite impatient as full-back at her enforced idle times.

Lastly, valiant Esther, whose position was not very definite even in her own mind, headed the field of battle and urged on her men.

There is but one word more to be said in conclusion. Only one point did we make that memorable day, the entire credit for which must go to the brave Helen Williston Smith, who as goal keeper picked up the ball in the face of all menaces, and ran the length of the field with it to the other goal. Such pluck is to be commended.

DOROTHY CONGDON.



B. May Dot Shaw

Dana Smith Chandler M.C. Dot Shaw Olive Sibley

The Fire at Low Buildings

Mr. King's prognostications were not without foundation in truth, and his ardent desire for a well-trained fire brigade in Low Buildings was not a matter for jest, since on the glorious morning of March seventh, the siren blew a screaming blast and made known to all, that fire, actual fire was engulfing those very inmates who had laughed at Mr. King. Yet one ingrate was heard to murmur, "If *he* had not thought about it, we never *would* have had a fire."

The ordeal which the Faculty had to undergo was about as severe in its test as ever were the dreaded orals, only this time it was the Senior Class who wondered. It was simply marvelous to 1906 to discover the various articles that Faculty prized. A fur-coated member, whose former life seemed to point to long years spent in literary work, called from a second-story window, "Catch Lucy's books, but *save my clothes*;" while that same friend of hers implored a sturdy fireman, "Do get my foot-bath." Another literary satellite tripped gaily out with a truly "diaphanous creation," as a cigarette smoker remarked who was idly guarding the apartments of invisible friends. It was a beautiful Greek bust which one young man in a white sweater and blue suit matching the blue of his eyes, was asked to save at no matter what expense of life or limb, while he murmured, "Dante's fire was like to this." And as he bore it carefully away, a heroic woman came tramping down three flights of stairs bearing a trunk on her back—truly such a feat was to be accomplished only by patient dumb-bell swinging in the past.

But while the valuables were being deposited on the grass, even a slim willowy woman having contributed a drawer full of collars and cuffs to the general heap, there were those who were manfully battling with the flames. One *very* tall member of the Faculty was becoming hopelessly entangled in the hose, until finally it was impossible to tell which was hose and which was man. And another colleague, water-splashed and soaked, was deploring the "cuts" which his students were necessarily taking from lectures where the roll-call *ought to be read*. Our valiant Esther, weighted with all the responsibility of being head captain, was actually grinning—strange that she could grin at a time of such universal misfortune and heroism. Mr. King also might have laughed.

ETHEL S. BULLOCK.



Billy Norris

MLC





C.C. Charles



Pratt



Dr. Andrews in foreground.
Taylor reeling with excitement

The Dean's Receptions

1906 was dressed in its best.

"I did not know 1906 could look so well," remarked Miss Thomas naively, as we flocked in to her; while Miss Garrett murmured in the background, "I shall wear my best gown for you the next time you come." Needless to say we all did come "next time," but we think Miss Garrett forgot.

Well, it was a pleasant sight to see 1906 so well-mannered and well-behaved. We never murmured once no matter to what heights the conversation soared; and we talked as glibly on Mr. Rockefeller's new standards in orthography as if we had never heard of Senior spelling conditions; while Elsie discussed the marriage laws of the different states as if she intended to try them all. Marjorie nobly rose to the occasion, rose—to let the Dean pass—which Miss Thomas thought to be a signal for departure, so said Good-night to her, and poor Marjorie with a longing glance backward, went mournfully out of the door.

The rest of us sat placidly back on our chairs as if we were not eagerly awaiting the blissful summons to go into the dining room. And when that summons came, by Miss Thomas's saying, "now, will ten Seniors go out into the other room," we evinced no unusual signs of excitement nor did we scramble to the door. For one brief second no one moved, then about twenty of us rose at once, and only by a process of elimination did the proper number joyfully depart—those of us who were left behind looking just as sweet as if we were not inwardly raging.

We turned once more to chocolate and to talking. Nan did not even have much satisfaction of the chocolate, for in an idle moment of abstraction she gently rested her half filled cup on the table, and the next instant saw the Dean graciously giving it to another. But the talking was spirited,—the Dean had reached her favorite topic of statistics and was even gleaning information about 1906. "It seems to me," she remarked, "that 1906 is very fond of blue (oh! didn't we know it), let me see, almost *everyone* is wearing a blue gown tonight,"—the poor pinks and yellows dejectedly retired against the wall, and were only revived by the reappearance of their classmates from the dining room. It was their turn at last.

ETHEL STRATTON BULLOCK.



Emma Thompson



Miss Garrett

Dr. Andrews

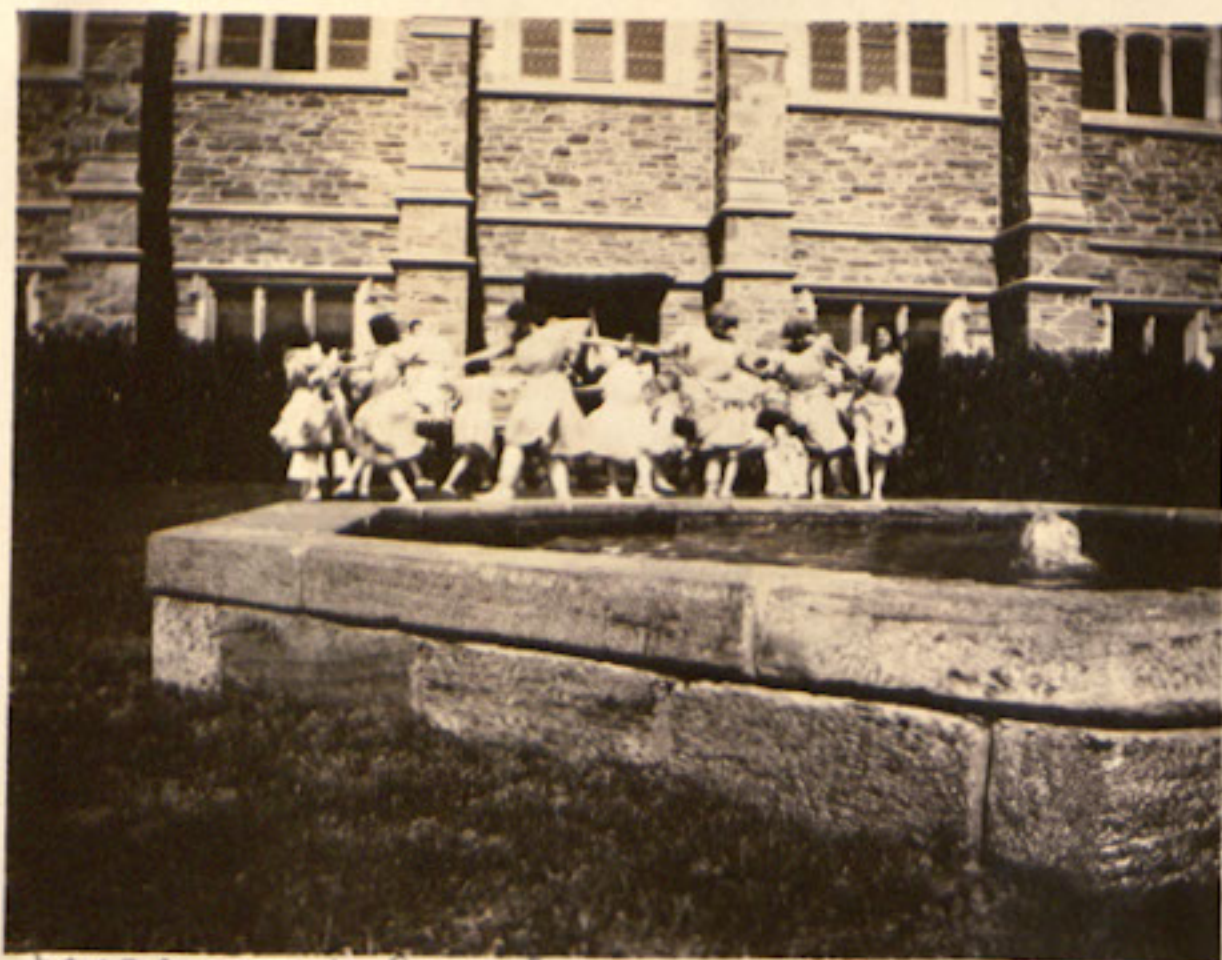


Polly Morris



*Ye Order of ye Merrie
May Games as they
are to be given by ye
Scollers of Bryn Maur
on ye Colledge Greene, ye first
day of May, Anno Domini, 1900.*





masque of Cupid



masque of Cupid



Planes of St George



masque of Queens



Never Was There a More Delightful Scene for a Fete Than the Broad Lawns of the College Grounds, Flanked by the Gray Gothic Walls of Bryn Mawr Hung with Resplendent Banners; and Across this Vernal Stage Poured a Torrent of May-Day Revelry Such as Brightened "The Spacious Days of Great Elizabeth," with All the Quaint Maskings and Delightful Anachronisms of that Joyous Era



The May-Day Fete

May-day has come and gone and left us what a store of memories! We have come for once out of our collegiate Gothic retreat, and shown ourselves to the world. And the world, poor old world, journeying out from the dusty city, was quite overcome with appreciation. One newspaper, infected with spring-fever, burst into poetry over us, and Keith has immortalized us in a series of moving pictures.

We have shown ourselves before the world, not in our work-a-day clothes and our work-a-day mood, but in another spirit, just as real and equally characteristic of us—the spirit of youth, of *jeunesse dore* holding a festival for itself.

Our ordinary duties were laid aside for a few days, and we seemed to drop out of ourselves completely except at the end of the day, and drop back easily into the sixteenth century. Our interest dormant all winter, woke up suddenly and enthusiastically at the first dress rehearsal, and increased steadily until May-day. We became quite used to slipping into doublets or kirtled-dresses, eating breakfast with a beruffled lad yon one side and a green forester on the other, and then running out upon the campus to join our fellow rehearsers. It we could forget quizzes, forget papers, we could have for the space of a minute the feeling that we were living long ago; and when we were dismissed from our own rehearsal and scampered off hastily to see *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and sat down on the warm sunny hillside, extended our white-stockinged legs before us in the grass, pulled our be-plumed hats over our eyes to keep off the sun, we felt for all the world like Stratford grammar-school boys playing truant to see a band of strolling actors.

Then came May-morning with its perfect weather, and the excitement of forming the pageant. The road in front of Pembroke was filled with a vast swarm of many-colored, moving figures. Leather-aproned shoe-makers, flower girls, queens, heralds, witches, formed themselves constantly in picturesque ever-shifting groups. Little waves of excitement rippled back from the live-stock over the crowd, into the midst of which the Robin Hood people on horse-back and the worthies on their ponies were vainly threading their way. Milkmaids were enticing their Jerseys to move more quickly, and the shepherdesses, too, were kept alert by their wee but belligerent lambs. Then the floats lumbered up into line; the musicians consented finally to wear the red capes offered them and put the sombreroes on over their derbies, and—at last!—the procession was really moving, the trumpets were flaring, and people were pressing close to the road and standing on chairs to see us as we skipped along to the music. On and on around the campus the pageant wound with Maid Marion and Robin Hood leading and then wheeled up by Merion once more.

May Day is always observed at Bryn Mawr. Early in the morning of the first of May the college girls roam woods and fields in search of spring blossoms which, with appropriate verses, they place in dainty baskets and hang at the doors of friends. But the recent May-Day Revels eclipsed all previous college celebrations.

It was an Old English May Day—a picturesque mingling of appropriate masques, plays, dances and interludes in vogue from the Conquest to the days of the Stuarts, and society came from afar to witness the unique presentation. Carriages and automobiles encircled the broad lawns, and among the spectators darted gaily gowned peasants distributing hand-bills of what was to come.

A fanfare of trumpets, blown by heralds in brilliant tabards, proclaimed the advent of the Lord and Ladye of the May on the May Queen, dressed in all the hues of spring, with a little green cap set on her head.

Fruits for canning should be fresh, firm, of good quality and not overripe. Fruit of some of the spores may survive.

General Directions for Canning Fruits.
Fruit will make one gallon of grape juice.
boiling point, and bottle. Ten pounds of pounds of granulated sugar, heat to the when strain through a jelly-bag; add three

is not the peculiar attribute of either

The Love of Home

and their example is worth following.
made by two sensible and devoted people.
releases him from attendance on her.
his club and the wife, refreshed by her
y desire. On Saturday evening, the
members of any other rec-



And When the Lord and Ladye of the May Had Held Their Court, and Doughty St. George Had Once Again Annihilated the Dragon, When Robin Hood and Little John Had Renewed Their Melodramatic Exploits, When Cupids, Shepherds, Queens and Milkmaids Had Played Their Parts, All that Glittering Medley, Seiz ng the Gay Ribbons of the Maypoles, Wove in and Out in the Maze of a Many-Colored Dance



The Greensward, Backed by Fresh-Leafed Shrubbery, and Lighted by the Golden Rays of the Declining Sun, Made the Best of All Stage-Settings for Fairy Plays and Masques Presented to Most Appropriate Audiences of Shepherds, Archers, Clowns, Witches and Ancient Worthies



The garlanded May-pole was hoisted on shoulders and carried into the field, and everyone followed with shouts. The bands played their loudest. The May-pole streamers were twined merrily in and out around the poles. The brightly colored dancing throng romped. Volleys of little foam-like, fluttering cupids dashed here and there. Grave priests waved their lighted censers, and good country people set down their baskets of eggs and flowers to join hands in rings. When the poles were completely wound the music stopped, and then followed a hasty scattering in all directions to plays which were to come off punctually.

Each play seemed to have a location most suited to it, and we can congratulate ourselves that we have a campus which only makes such a fete possible. The long avenue of maples below Radnor seemed fairly made for the approach of the bridal party in *Robin Hood*. The little grassy amphitheatre of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, the old cherry-tree by Pembroke under which the *St. George Play* and *The Reevesby Sword Dance* were performed could not have been lovelier. One thing especially which we had to offer spectators this year was the new Library. The cloister was a revelation to everyone, and its lovely, somewhat stately beauty formed the most fit background imaginable for the two rather stately masques given there. What need to speak of the acting? We all remember how perfect it was. Who cannot recall Phoebe as *Pyramus*, Lucia as *Spring*, or Jessie as *King Richard*, and who—yes who—can ever forget "The Leather Bottle" as *Adelaide* sang it in true *Friar Tuck* fashion?

Yes, May-day has gone, and in its place came a succession of private reading and final examinations and the activity of commencement week, and the few days that we lived in the sixteenth century have slipped quietly back in the rush of things.

GLADYS CHANDLER.



Weaver Bottom and His Friends in the Interlude from "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," Enact *Pyramus and Thisbe Making Love Through the Obdurate Wall*, with *Theseus*, *Hippolyta* and the Athenian Court Enjoying the Spectacle



M.C. practicing for pageant app



In an Angle of Pembroke Hall the New York Alumnae, Wielding Rude Besoms and Attired as Witches in Midnight Robes Bespangled with Stars, or Arrayed in Regal Robes with Crowns and Scepters, Danced and Acted Ben Jonson's Curious Old "Masque of Queens"



The Lord and Ladye of the May Were There, Also Robin Hood and His Merry Men, and, Prettiest of All the Memorials of Old England, a Chorus of Dainty Milkmaids, Singing and Dancing in Traditional Costumes

David Copperfield

And so the curtain went up, and we were not in the gym. any more. We were over in dear old England, the England of hoop-skirts and high beaver hats, of padusoys and passementarys, of stage coaches (Canterbury to London) and coffee-houses, in the England of Dickens. And how many old friends we met! Some of them we had already seen on the program. Up at the top were Doady—dear, boyish, good-looking Doady—with Dora clinging devotedly to his arm, and shaking those curls. Then Mr. Micawber, a picture of genteel pomposity, with "an epistle" sticking out of his pocket; and calm-eyed Agnes, all neat in her soft, white 'kerchief. Bolt upright in her chair sits Miss Betsey, severe disapproval in every angle, and her back turned square on poor Uriah, who writhes in the lowest corner of disgrace. Yes, here they all were again. The parrot, too, made his presence felt, and I am sure that "the dearest girl" was with us in spirit at least.

And the play went on in the dear Dickens way, through love and death, and villainy and retribution, back to love again, and "they all lived happily ever after." It was all so real that even after the curtain went down for the last time, a soft, old-world haze was over us. And it still lingered, the half-sad, half-smiling feeling, as the loving-cup went 'round—the last time for us—and we sang our farewells. We have often been rivals, we two classes, in many ways, but on that night I think we both rose a little above class spirit, and were just Bryn Mawr girls, and friends.

FRANCES M. SIMPSON.

Cast

DAVID COPPERFIELD	<i>Gertrude Hill</i>
MR. MICAWBER	<i>Eunice Schenck</i>
URIAH HEEP	<i>Alice Gerstenberg</i>
T. TRADDLES	<i>Grace Brownell</i>
MR. WICKFIELD	<i>Eleanor Ecob</i>
DORA SPENLOW	<i>Brooke Peters</i>
AGNES WICKFIELD	<i>Harriet Seaver</i>
MISS BETSY TROTWOOD	<i>Ellen Thayer</i>
MRS. MICAWBER	<i>Ellen Graves</i>
MRS. KRUPP	<i>Katharine Kerr</i>
ORPHLING	<i>Alice Hawkins</i>
LITTLE COPPERFIELDS	<i>{ Margaret Blodgett</i> <i>{ Jeanette Klauder</i>

Senior Supper

Singing our good old rush song, we marched into Pembroke dining room the night of our Senior supper and shut the door, to be for the last time entirely alone as a class. This sad feeling, however, we put away from us until the very end of the evening, and while song followed song, and toast succeeded toast, we entered with our whole spirit into enjoyment of the occasion. It was impossible not to be jovial with Phoebe Crosby as toast-mistress, for each of her stories aroused more merriment than the preceding one, though what she would have done without the aid of the Senior reception I cannot imagine, for each anecdote began with the phrase, "Dr. Leuba said to me on Saturday night," until the joke became a watchword.

Grace Wade was the first to respond, and took us back to Freshman year by giving her first impressions, while Helen Sandison renewed the old, old atmosphere still more by paying a last tribute to Summit Grove. Our enthusiasm is always ready to burst forth for our Freshman show, and Cruice's spirited account was such as to arouse it in full force, so that when she had sat down the hall resounded with the tones of the good old play songs. Our noble Smithy brought down the house with her story about Benny and the damp window, and Jessie Hewitt gave us a vivid description of ourselves as seen by 1907, or rather of 1907 as seen by us. The subject of Esther White's speech was "the gym," but the part that we remember most clearly is the stories she told, especially the humorous one of the parrot. Everyone knows that by senior year our minds are very highly developed, but the scientific phrases and profound reasoning that flowed from the mouth of Virginia Robinson would have sent even Dr. Leuba and "Davy" Irons to the foot of the class.

What need to speak of the stunts that were interspersed among the speeches? Mary Withington's tragic rendering of Binnorie can never be forgotten, while it is hard to think of Beth Harrington in a more typical attitude than when she clasps her hands behind her back and sings "A Freshman had a caller." Mariam Coffin, Josephine Katzenstein and Mary Withington gave an almost too realistic representation of the orals, and the dance of Lucia Ford and Ethel Pew is so graceful that one can never tire of it.

Applause raged wildly when 1901 sent us in a small lantern as a token of their goodwill, but the height of enthusiasm was reached when Maria Smith and Helen Sandison were each presented with a pin to express the gratitude of the class for their admirable management of the garden party.

As the evening wore to a close the merriment subsided and gave place to a quiet seriousness; each of us was thinking of the approaching parting and when we had drunk a toast to 1906 the sad strains of our class song and of Auld Lang Syne fixed firmly in our hearts the resolution of undying loyalty to our class.

MARY T. RICHARDSON.



In Our Blue Spruce

A quiet hung o'er all the neighborhood;
In silent bands we moved across the green,
Singing in slow and rhythmic melody
Pallas Athene, till our tree was seen.

There round it in the island where it stands,
We took our place—a pale-clad, solemn crowd,
And each upon our little spruce then threw
A shovelful of earth that was new-plowed.

Long may our fir-tree live and larger grow,
Its branches spread so high, its roots so deep
That e'er to us a symbol it may be
Of depth and breadth, and growth we e'er must keep.

JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN.



MLC





Bonfire Night

"What will become of the Senior Bonfire if we can't take off the Faculty?" This was the question we, and the rest of the college, asked in despair when the Dean's imperial edict had gone forth. But 1906 does not remain in despair. It appoints a "committee of three to receive suggestions," and then pretty soon somebody says, "Oh, I hear the Bonfire's going to be great fun."

And it was. For if the Faculty was inimitable, May Day Fête at least was not. Anyone who saw the motley horde gathering beneath Pem. Arch Tuesday night must have been impressed with that irrepressible spirit of Parody. Here was Grace Neilson in her green gown, crimson flowers twined into her many tight braids, looking as rakish as the "Queen of May" could manage to look. There was the "Lord of the May," alias Irons, alias Frank, alias Collitz, alias Jessen, with a silk hat and a clay pipe: here were a row of tiny heralds in bath towel regalia, with penny trumpets, and prancing gayly opposite, the class giantesses as cupids with gauze frills and palm leaf wings over their gym suits. And lest the mystified observer failed to comprehend the significance of these costumes, were we not labeled in the glowing light of our transparencies?

1908 and '07 and '09 with twinkling lanterns accompanied us to the "funeral pyre" standing stacked high and ready to be lighted. The red blaze flamed up and we danced round it in gleeful excitement, cheered on by the rest of the college. Then followed "stunts," our old time-honored stunts, for the last time. "The Only Teacher of Elocution on the Pacific Coast" wrung our hearts once more with "Binorie;" the "Only Human Megaphone" thrilled our ears for the last time with the ravishing strains of "Heinie," the "Merion Grand Opera Troupe" made their "positively last appearance," with real fire this time for Brunnhilde. And what lover of the immortal Dooley can ever forget the spectacle of his spouse and Mrs. Hennessey—and the lunch box—sitting wrapt with attention and admiration as Odin invoked the flames and adjusted his wastebasket helmet! Who that had seen Primavera could imagine Lucia in calico apron, chewing gum and swinging a market basket full of rhubarb, or who that saw Ethel Pew's graceful dancing in the cloister could recognise her in the red shirted farmer lad with big hat and clumsy brogans?

Well, the bonfire is cold now, the notebooks and "tabs" we threw in are ashes, we who danced are Bachelors of Arts far superior to such childlike sports. But Bonfire Night we were glad to frolic for the last time. "A little nonsense now and then"—that was all.

MARIAM LOUISE COFFIN.

MLC
corner
Rock





MLC

MLC
1906
in Robin Hood



Garden Party

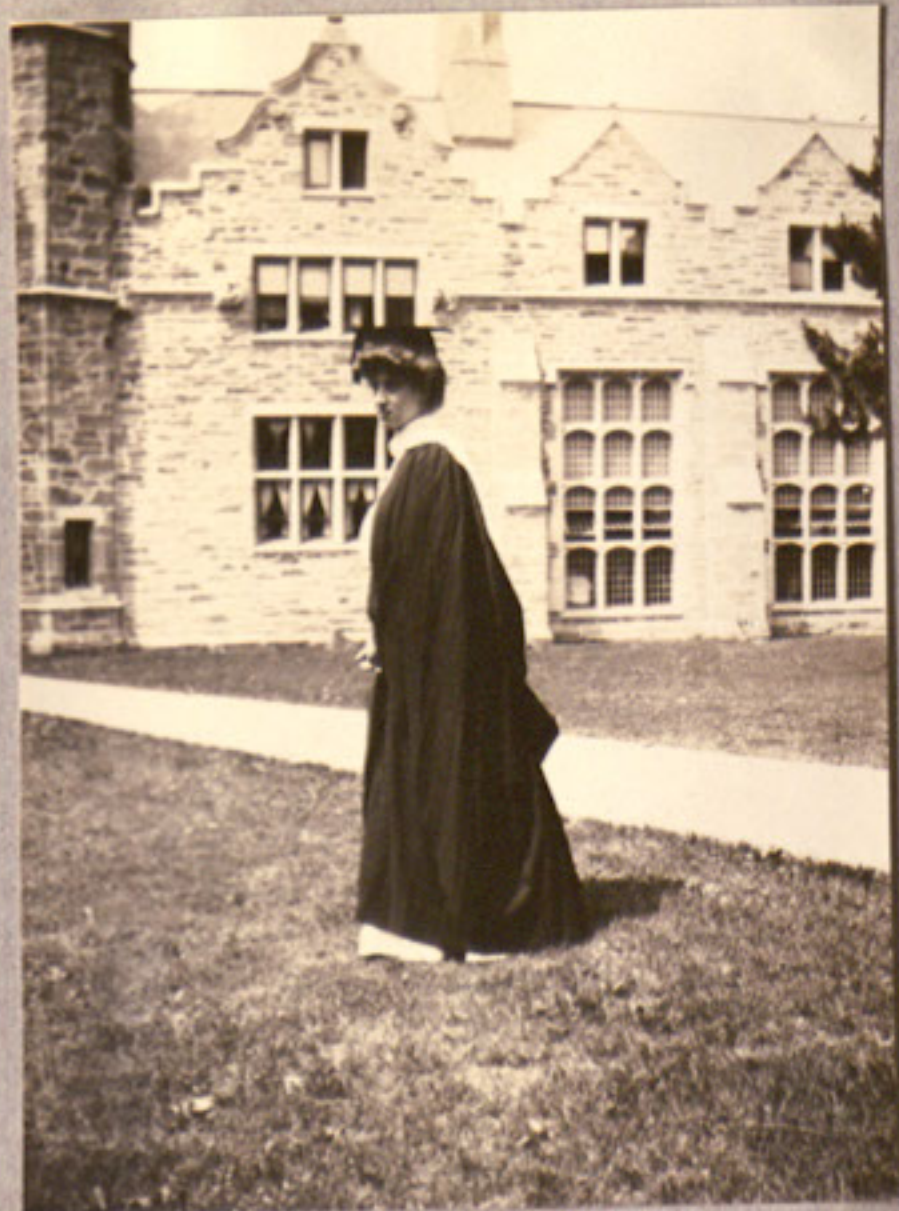
To uncles, aunts and grandmothers
Of whom they had not ever heard—
To sisters, swains—a million others—
They wrote with hopes of bed deferred.
They only said "Our life is dreary;
It must be done," they said.
They said, "Though we're weary, weary,
We'll work till we are dead."

The Seniors all came forth at even,
Dressed one and all in gay attire
They dared not look at the blue heaven
For fear of seeing storm-clouds dire.
They only said "The night grows dreary,
We are afraid," they said;
They said with voices teary, teary,
"Oh, would that we were dead."

Right on the middle of their hats
Sudden they heard the rain-drops fall;
They fell with dreadful pitapats,
The maidens rushed for the shelt'ring hall.
They only said "The night so dreary
Has spoiled our fete," they said;
They said "Let's not be teary, teary,
Nor wish that we were dead."

The food was spoiled, their hats were wet,
They could not hear the Glee Club sing;
The families said, "We've never yet
Been dragged out to so flat a thing."
They only said "We are so weary
We will go home," they said.
"Are Garden Parties all so dreary?
We'd rather go to bed."

MARIA WILKINS SMITH.
HELEN ESTABROOK SANDISON



MLC



Commencement Day, June 7, 1906

To 1906 was given the privilege of celebrating at its commencement the coming of age of the college. Assuming that all people and all things under age are of necessity somewhat unformed and immature, we shall when we return in after years, expect to find Bryn Mawr a place of redoubled beauty, dignity, and charm, even firmer in its traditions, even more highly finished from an academic point of view.

There are several other things that need to be remembered in connection with the day: first, the fact that our class, whose small size carries very few compensations with it, received, on that account, all of three tickets to commencement, to be distributed among parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Secondly, to touch for a moment on a forbidden topic, the weather conformed to the unbroken precedent that commencement day must be pleasant.

The first official act of the day was the taking of the class picture. This was complicated by the fact that, at the last minute, various caps were missing, the owners of which objected to being photographed in borrowed ones. In course of time this difficulty was adjusted, the last stragglers were gathered in, and the picture was taken.

At half-past ten, 1906, punctual as always, was ready to fall into line. For the third time the procession was carefully arranged. 1906 was ready, 1907 was ready, 1908 was ready. The graduates, fellows, and recipients of advanced degrees were all in their proper places, and it was fondly hoped that we might have a really punctual commencement.

Promptly on the last stroke of eleven the procession started into Taylor Hall, and advanced half-way upstairs, only to be met with the startling information that we had reckoned without our host of faculty, who had been sitting in delightful ease in the library, with not the slightest idea of the order of march. We waited, therefore, for fifteen minutes, while the faculty prepared itself to follow the Seniors upstairs.

When we entered what the morning papers refer to as "the daisy-strewn chapel," in reality hung with daisy chains made by the patient Sophomores hours before we thought of waking, we marched to our places through rows of standing undergraduates, pleasantly conscious of our A. B. gowns and yellow and white fur-trimmed hoods. Then we, too,

stood at attention while the faculty passed by, chatting and laughing, treating the occasion with an informality born of frequent repetition.

The whole affair was, indeed, delightfully informal. We, the class for starting precedents, started a new one, for both we and the audience, at the request of President Thomas, sat with "uncovered heads" (again to quote the morning papers), so that happy fathers and mothers might, with vision unobstructed, behold their daughters graduate.

The President's speech of welcome was short, dealing chiefly with the permanence of the things for which Bryn Mawr stands. When she had finished, there came the fulfillment of the dream of our undergraduate days. Six at a time, with caps resting jauntily and more or less insecurely on heads held rigidly erect, the members of the Senior Class, fifty-three in number, rose at the sound of their names, stepped with just the proper amount of dignity to the platform, removed their caps at just the proper moment, received their diplomas, and returned to their places, without a single false step, a single stumble, or the loss of a single cap.

Following the award of the A. B. degrees, came, as Dr. Warren phrased it, "a riper product," the Masters of Arts, and last of all the two Doctors of Philosophy by whom our Commencement was honored. The first half of the program closed with the announcement of the fellowships—one graduate and one undergraduate scholarship for the following year.

Miss Thomas then introduced the orator of the day, President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, in a speech in which judicious praise of the University of Virginia was mingled with praise of Bryn Mawr. President Alderman chose as his subject the "Spirit of a Section," the spirit, as he soon told us, of the South. He refrained, so he said, from giving way to the masculine habit of tendering advice to the feminine half of the world. He took a subject, moreover, not merely of sectional, but really of national, interest.

President Alderman pictured the South as it was, as it now is, and as he expected it to be. Though a North Carolinian, as he confessed himself to be, he exalted to the highest possible place the type of strong and noble manhood known under the name of the "Virginia country-gentleman," a type represented by George Washington himself,—the old-fashioned type whose creed used to be to "believe in God, read Walter Scott, and vote the straight Democratic ticket." He described the orators of the South, as great, in their way, as Demosthenes and Burke, the warriors and patriots of the South, the statesmen of the South.

Rarely to Northerners, as most of us, indeed, are, has the South been spoken of with such eloquence. There was pride in President Alderman's speech, dignity and nobility, but

not the slightest trace of rant or affectation. He helped to set apart commencement day in our memories as a time different from anything else that has ever happened to us in the past, or ever will happen again.

Commencement is over, and 1906 must leave Bryn Mawr. When we return, as we surely hope to do again and again, we shall see other people in our old rooms and in our old classes, strange faces, perhaps, in the place of the faculty that we know, strange customs, perhaps, in the place of the customs that we have been following. But Bryn Mawr will always remain as we remember it, glad at all times to welcome us back.

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND.





Last Meeting of the Class of 1906

At 10.30 Friday June 8 in Pembroke East students' sitting room, the class of 1906 held its last meeting. Mary Richardson, the President, was in the chair. Maria Smith, the Secretary read the minutes of the preceding meetings. The first business before the meeting was the question of class dues. This question was discussed with even more animation than 1906 is wont to display. A few startling mathematical discoveries came to light. Our beloved president announced, with her customary benign firmness, that if the class of fifty paid ten dollars a piece we could pay our bill of \$477.29 and have five hundred dollars left for emergencies. The next business before the meeting was to decide whether the class should give a wedding present to any of its members who should perpetrate matrimony. It was unanimously decided that the present should be given. Miss Biglow retired from the discussion. Miss Harrington rose to suggest that a silver waiter be presented, to cost \$50. There were two objections, Miss White urging that one could get a plain waiter for \$4.00 a week and that the instalment plan had its advantages. This was regarded as frivolous. Miss Biglow emerged from underneath the table to object that she gave her sister a tray costing \$75. Miss Biglow's suggestion was denounced by the class of 1906 en masse. Miss Biglow again retired.

Just at this moment a shining bunch of dark blue corn flowers was sent in with a message from 1900 so full of good fellowship and good will for us, that, in addition to our pleasures it brought us to a sudden realization of the fact that we were no longer undergraduates, that no matter how often we returned or how long we stayed at Bryn Mawr, it would never be the same again.

Perhaps this was why Miss H. W. Smith prolonged the meeting as far as in her lay, as is her wont on such occasions.

It was then decided that the class Baby should be the daughter of an alumnus of the class, and that a silver loving cup should be presented to her by the class.

The next business was the election of officers. Mary Richardson, who, as long as she was in college was our class president, was unanimously acclaimed life long president. The enthusiasm, admiration and love of the class for the president was inadequately expressed by prolonged clapping and cheering.

Maria Smith was then elected life long secretary and treasurer. Loud applause. The class then decided to hold its reunions the first, second, third, fifth and tenth years. After cheering the class officers for the year the class of 1906 adjourned.

JESSIE HEWITT.



L'Envoi

Far down the pathway, into the darkness
 Glimmer the lights in their warm misty halos.
 Green are the trees whose pointed leaves quiver
 Glimmer and rustle when soft the breeze passes.
 Far, far down the pathway are figures approaching
 White, swaying onward, and now they are singing.
 Sweet, sweet is their song and wierd in the darkness,
 As onward they come, a merry procession.
 Hark! how their singing is mingled with laughter.
 Now as they pass we may see their young faces,
 Happy, young faces, gay, wistful and eager.
 They are passed, and their song is again growing fainter,
 Lingering now in a last, dying cadence.
 Out of the twilight they came, and as quickly
 Into the twilight again they departed.

HELEN W. SMITH.



Senior Basketball

1908		vs.	1906.
PLAISTED (Capt.)	<i>H.</i>	HEWITT (Capt.) (Ford)	<i>G.</i>
MORRIS	<i>R. F.</i>	ROPES	<i>L. B.</i>
DUDLEY (Hyman)	<i>L. F.</i>	WADE	<i>R. B.</i>
YOUNG	<i>C. C.</i>	RICHARDSON	<i>C. C.</i>
COPELAND	<i>R. C.</i>	LAUTERBACH	<i>L. C.</i>
GRIFFITH	<i>L. C.</i>	WHITE (Bullock)	<i>R. C.</i>
WASHBURN (Passmore)	<i>G.</i>	KATZENSTEIN	<i>H.</i>
CHAMBERS (Fox)	<i>R. B.</i>	HOUGHTON	<i>L. F.</i>
SHARPLESS	<i>L. B.</i>	NEALL (Harrington)	<i>R. F.</i>

May 9—Won by 1906—score 7-8.

May 11—Won by 1908—score 11-4.

May 12—Won by 1906—score 8-5.

1907		vs.	1906.
WOERISHOFFER	<i>H.</i>	HEWITT (Capt.)	<i>G.</i>
WINDLE (Vauclain)	<i>R. F.</i>	ROPES	<i>L. B.</i>
HILL	<i>L. F.</i>	WADE	<i>R. B.</i>
WILLIAMS	<i>C. C.</i>	RICHARDSON	<i>C. C.</i>
HAWKINS	<i>R. C.</i>	LAUTERBACH (Bullock)	<i>L. C.</i>
BROWNELL	<i>L. C.</i>	WHITE	<i>R. C.</i>
HUTCHINS (Capt.)	<i>G.</i>	KATZENSTEIN (Harrington)	<i>H.</i>
SWEET	<i>R. B.</i>	HOUGHTON	<i>L. F.</i>
KERR	<i>L. B.</i>	NEALL	<i>R. F.</i>

May 15—Tie.

May 17—Won by 1906—score 11-4.

May 18—Won by 1906—score 6-3.

Calendar of Senior Year

- October 6: Christian Union reception.
- October 20: Senior reception.
- October 27: Oral dinner.
- October 29: First French oral.
- October 31: Dr. Kuhnermann spoke in Chapel on "Faust."
- November 3: Varsity-Alumnæ Hockey.
- November 3-6: Self-Government Conference.
- November 11: First German Oral.
- November 7-14: Match games in Hockey.
- November 20: Mrs. Craigie spoke in Chapel on "The Artist's Life."
- November 23: Dr. Poel spoke in Chapel on "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Play-house."
- November 27: 1907 and 1909 gave a Hockey dance to 1906 and 1908.
- December 5-6: Varsity Hockey with Belmont and Wissahickon.
- December 8-10: Week End Conference.
- December 8: Philosophy Club:—Dr. Dewey spoke on "The Problem of Morality."
- December 9: Second French Oral.
- December 16: Second German Oral.
- December 17: 1908 gave a Hockey dinner to 1906.
- December 17: Law Club:—Dean Ashley spoke on "Debating."
- December 21: Mr. Edward T. Ware spoke in chapel on "The Education of the Negro."
- January 22: Mrs. Kelley spoke in Chapel on "The Work of the Consumers' League."
- January 25: Law Club:—Dr. Talcott Williams spoke on "The International Duties of a Great Nation."
- January 29—February 9: Midyears.
- February 19: Mrs. Spencer spoke in Chapel on "Womans' Suffrage."
- March 1: Swimming Contest.
- March: Track meet.
- March 7: Third French and German Orals.
- March 16: Fellowship Dinner.
- March 22: Law Club:—Chapel Debate.
- March 23: Mrs. Oliver Hewitt gave a piano recital.
- March 24: Science Club:—Professor Ames spoke on "Modern Problems of Physics."

- March 29: College Settlement:—Mrs. Keay spoke on "The Recent Movement for Political Reform in the 5th Ward."
- March 30: Philosophical Club:—Dr. Bakewell spoke on "The Problem of Evil."
- April 4: Founder's Lecture:—Professor McGiffert spoke on "Mysticism."
- April 5: English Club:—Professor Scott spoke on "The Prosody of Walt Whitman."
- April 20: Philosophical Club:—Dr. Leuba spoke on "Awe, Reverence, and the Sublime."
- April 21: Concert by Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
- May 1: May Day Fête.
- May 8: Mr. Tchaikovsky spoke in Chapel on "Russia."
- May 10: Last French and German Orals.
- May 9-18: Match games in Basketball.
- May 19: 1906 gave a picnic to 1908.
- May 21: Senior Day.
- May 23-June 6: Finals.
- May 26: 1907 gave a Basketball picnic to 1906.
1908 gave a Basketball party to 1906.
- June 2: Faculty Reception.
- June 5: Senior bonfire.
- June 6: Varsity-Alumnæ Basketball.
College Breakfast.
Garden Party.
- June 7: Conferring of Degrees
Alumnæ Dinner.



Scholarships

- LAURA BOYER, Elizabeth Duane Gillespie American History Scholarship, 1905-6.
 GLADYS W. CHANDLER, City Scholarship, 1902-6.
 ALICE ELLA COLGAN, City Scholarship, 1902-6.
 MARGARET HILDEGARDE COYLE, City Scholarship 1902-6. Essay prize in Major English Critics, 1905.
 PHOEBE SINCLAIR CROSBY, James E. Rhoades Sophomore Scholarship 1903-4; James E. Rhoades Junior Scholarship, 1904-5.
 LILLIAN R. ELLIS, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for New York, New Jersey and Delaware, 1902-3.
 IDA M. GARRETT, City scholarship, 1902-6.
 HELEN P. HAUGHWOUT, Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the New England States, 1902-3.
 JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN, City Scholarship, 1902-6; Maria Hopper Scholarship, 1903-4;
 MARY S. LEE, City Scholarship, 1902-6.
 MINERVA A. LEPPER, Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for Middle and Southern States, 1902-3; Trustees Philadelphia Girls High School Scholarship, 1902-6.
 HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for Middle and Southern States, 1902-3; Trustees Philadelphia Girls High School Scholarship, 1902-6; Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial Scholarship, 1905-6.
 ALICE ROPES, First Matriculation Scholarship for New England States, 1902-3.
 MARGARET S. SCRIBNER, First Matriculation Scholarship for Western States, 1902-3.
 MARY B. V. STURGIS, Lower Merion High School Scholarship, 1902-3.
 MARY COUCH WITHINGTON, Maria Hopper Scholarship, 1903-4.
 HELEN E. WYETH, City Scholarship, 1902-6.

Graduate Fellowship

Bryn Mawr European Fellow, HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND.

Scholar in Latin and English HELEN M. LOWENGRUND.
HELEN E. SANDISON.

Scholar in Philosophy, VIRGINIA R. ROBINSON.

Scholar in Biology, HELEN W. SMITH.

The Ten

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND
HELEN E. SANDISON
MARY S. LEE
LAURA BOYER
MINERVA A. LEPPER

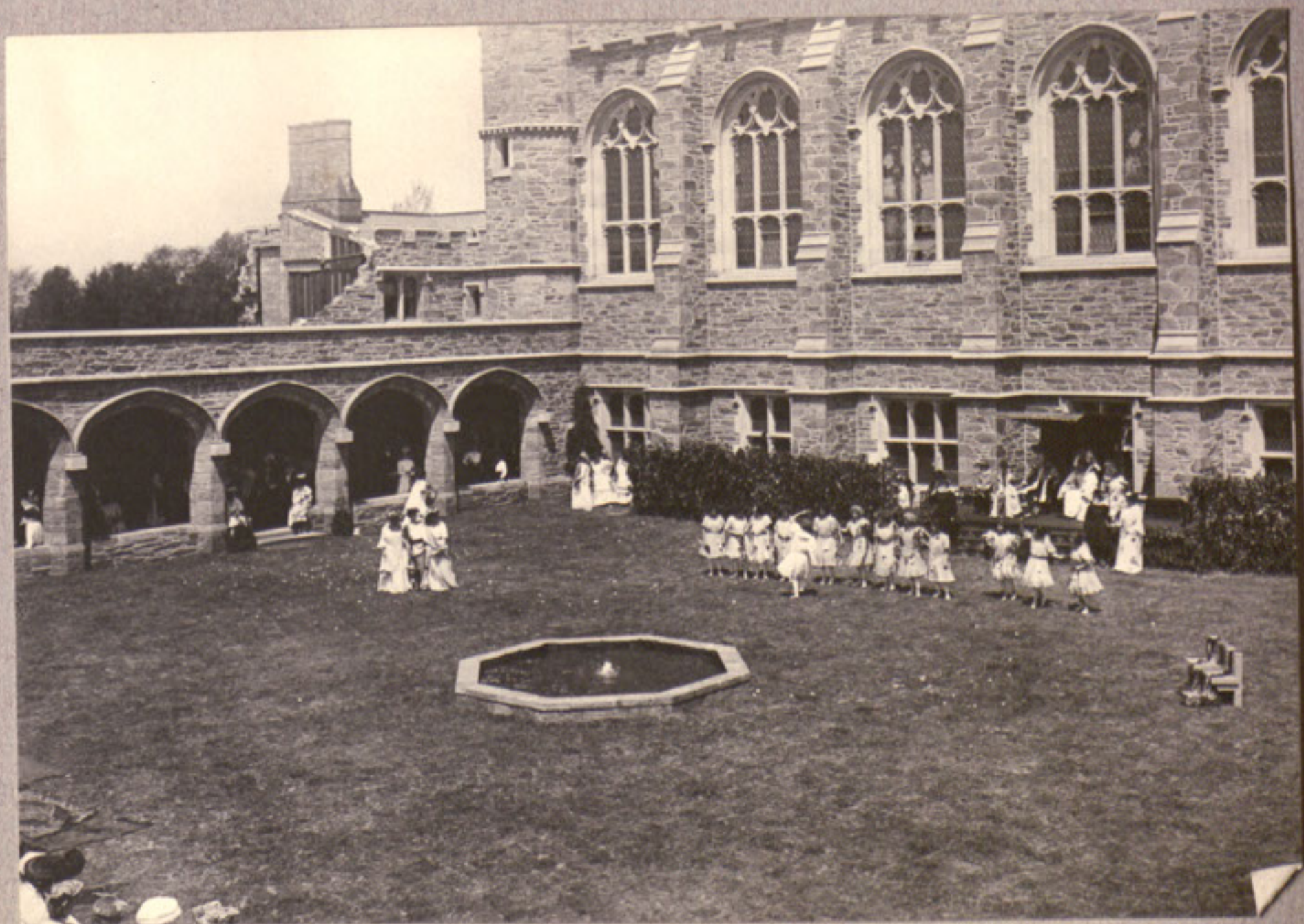
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FRANCES SIMPSON
ETHEL BULLOCK
HELEN W. SMITH
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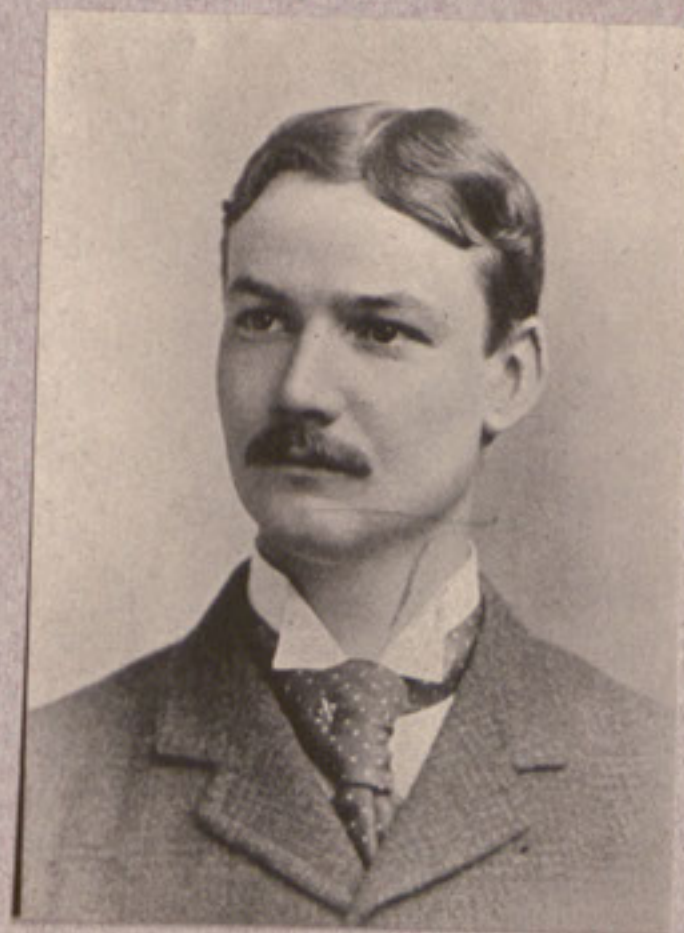
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Dr. Warren



Miss Madison



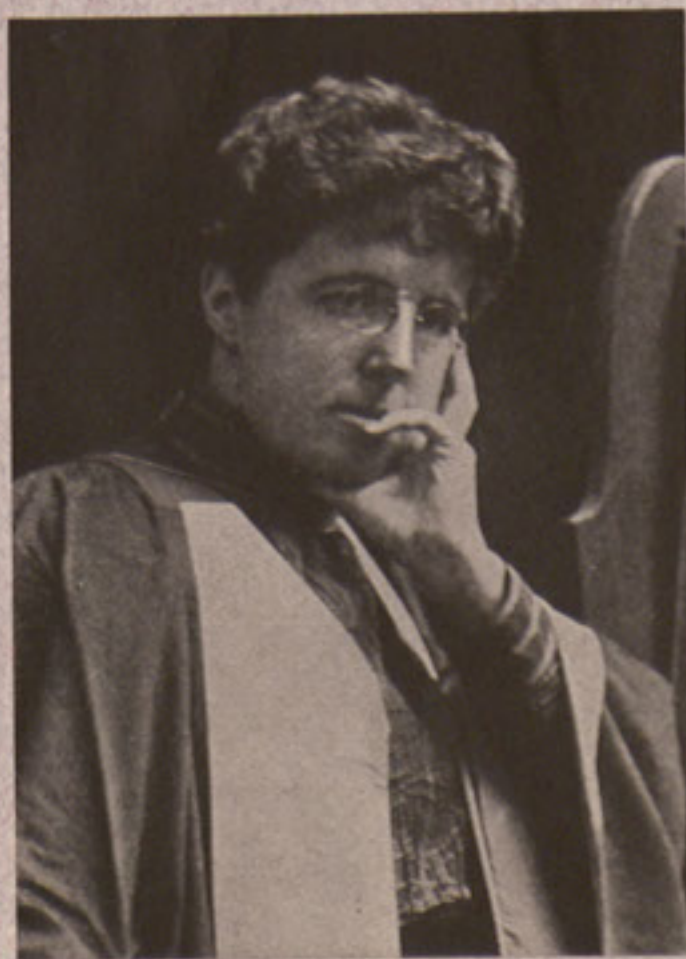
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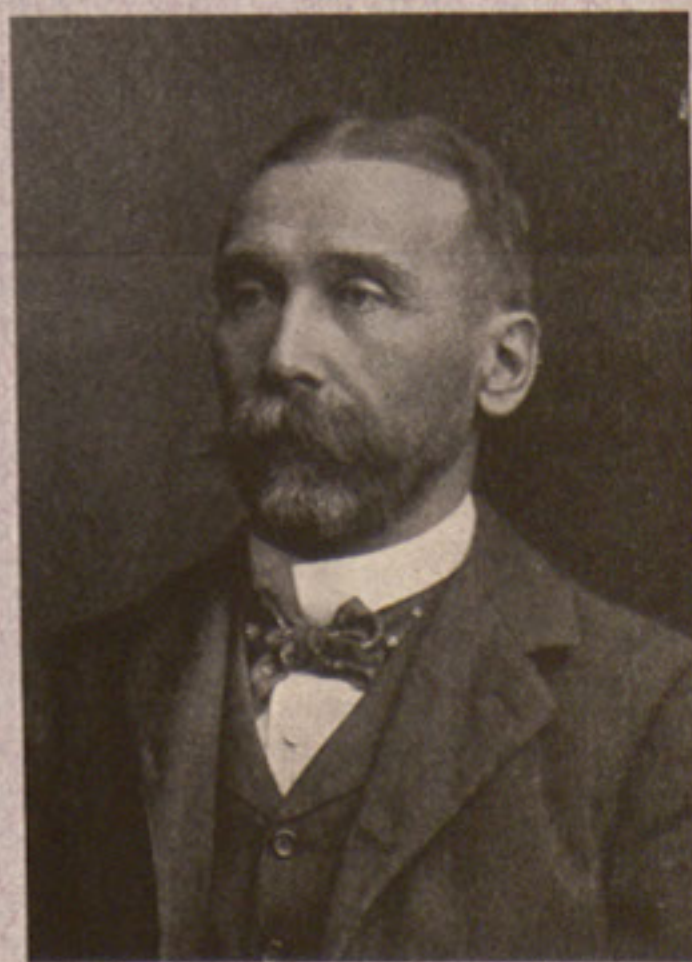
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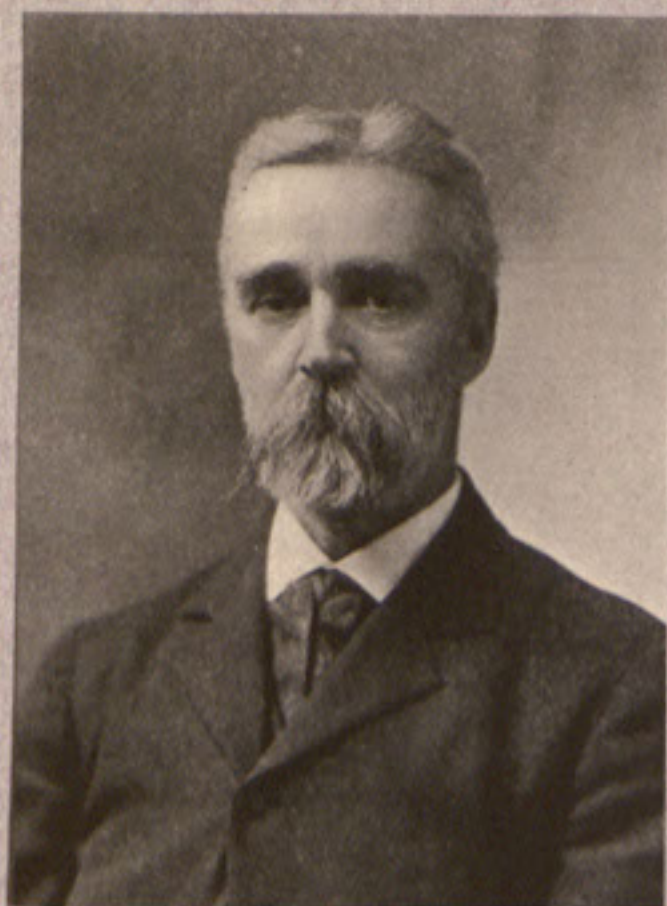
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Dr. Scott



Dr. ~~Scott~~ ?



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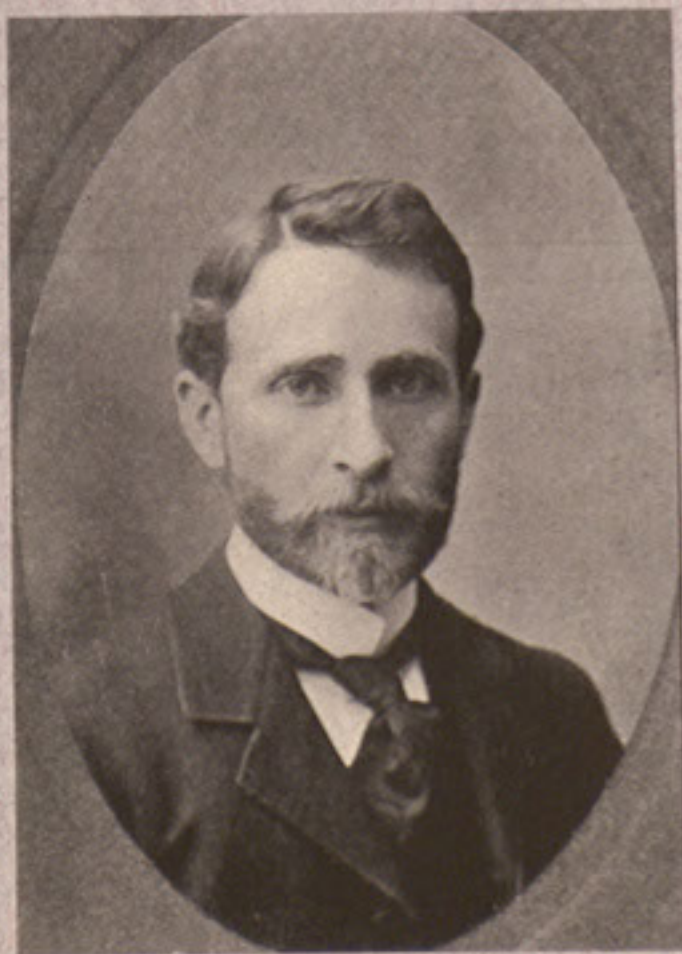
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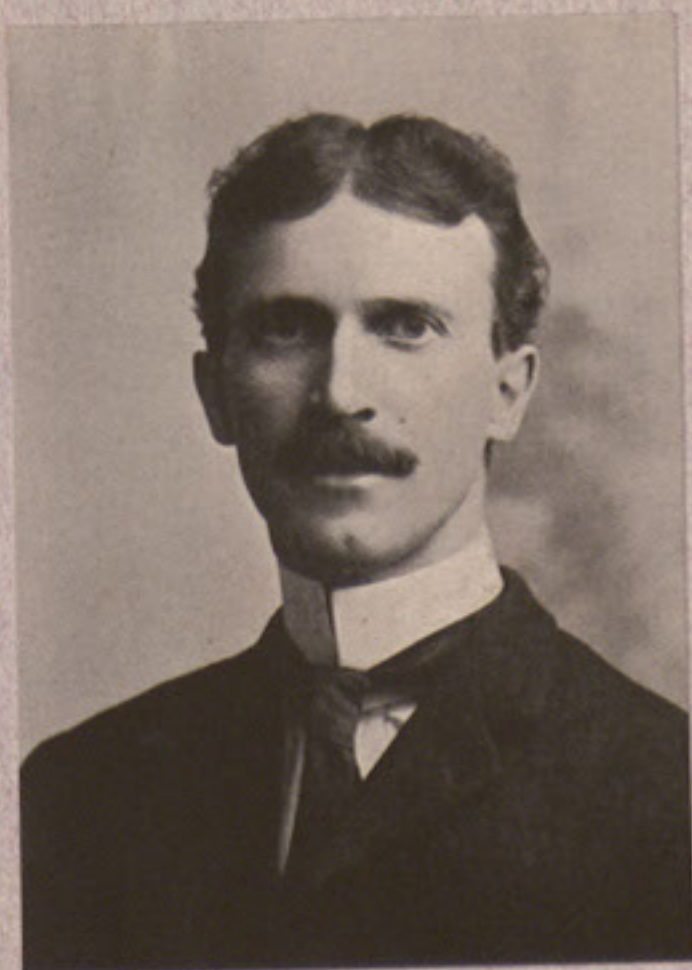
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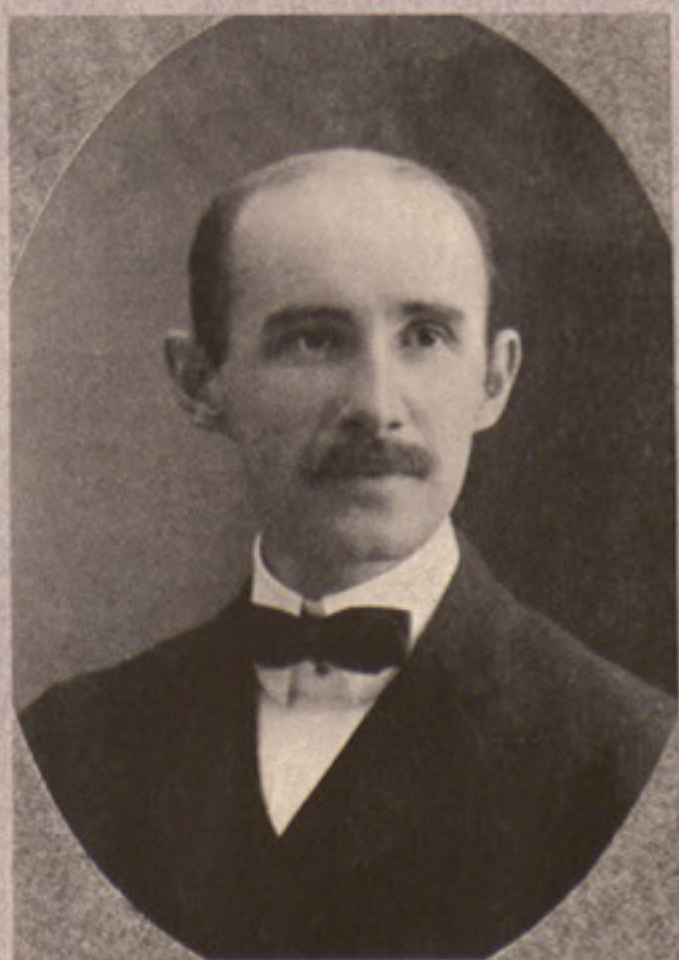
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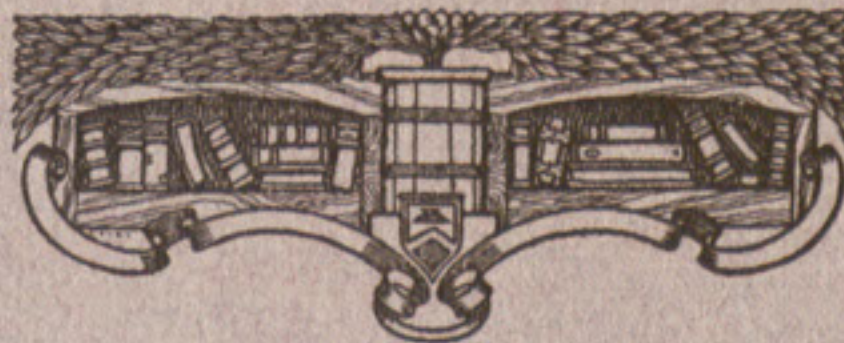
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